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THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.¹

L.

As the Countess Gemini was not acquainted with the ancient monuments, Isabel occasionally offered to introduce her to these interesting relics, and to give their afternoon drive an antiquarian aim. The Countess, who professed to think her sister-in-law a prodigy of learning, never made an objection, and gazed at masses of Roman brickwork as patiently as if they had been mounds of modern drapery. She was not an antiquarian; but she was so delighted to be in Rome that she only desired to float with the current. She would gladly have passed an hour every day in the damp darkness of the Baths of Titus, if it had been a condition of her remaining at the Palazzo Roccanera. Isabel, however, was not a severe cicerone; she used to visit the ruins chiefly because they offered an excuse for talking about other matters than the love-affairs of the ladies of Florence, as to which her companion was never weary of offering information. It must be added, that during these visits the Countess was not very active; her preference was to sit in the carriage and exclaim that everything was most interesting. It was in this manner that she had hitherto examined the Coliseum, to the infinite regret of her niece, who—

with all the respect that she owed her—could not see why she should not descend from the vehicle and enter the building. Pansy had so little chance to ramble, that her view of the case was not wholly disinterested; it may be divined that she had a secret hope that, once inside, her aunt might be induced to climb to the upper tiers. There came a day when the Countess announced her willingness to undertake this feat—a mild afternoon in March, when the windy month expressed itself in occasional puffs of spring. The three ladies went into the Coliseum together, but Isabel left her companions to wander over the place. She had often ascended to those desolate ledges from which the Roman crowd used to bellow applause, and where now the wild flowers (when they are allowed), bloom in the deep crevices; and to-day she felt weary, and preferred to sit in the despoiled arena. It made an intermission, too, for the Countess often asked more from one's attention than she gave in return; and Isabel believed that when she was alone with her niece she let the dust gather for a moment upon the ancient scandals of Florence. She remained below, therefore, while Pansy guided her indiscriminating aunt to the steep brick staircase at the foot of which the custodian unlocks the tall wooden gate. The

¹ Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1880, by Henry James, Jun., in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

great inclosure was half in shadow; the western sun brought out the pale red tone of the great blocks of travertine—the latent colour which is the only living element in the immense ruin. Here and there wandered a peasant or a tourist, looking up at the far sky-line where in the clear stillness a multitude of swallows kept circling and plunging. Isabel presently became aware that one of the other visitors, planted in the middle of the arena, had turned his attention to her own person, and was looking at her with a certain little poise of the head, which she had some weeks before perceived to be characteristic of baffled but indestructible purpose. Such an attitude, to-day, could belong only to Mr. Edward Rosier; and this gentleman proved, in fact, to have been considering the question of speaking to her. When he had assured himself that she was unaccompanied, he drew near, remarking that though she would not answer his letters she would perhaps not wholly close her ears to his spoken eloquence. She replied that her step-daughter was close at hand and she could only give him five minutes; whereupon he took out his watch and sat down upon a broken block.

"It's very soon told," said Edward Rosier. "I have sold all my bibelots!"

Isabel gave, instinctively, an exclamation of horror; it was as if he had told her he had had all his teeth drawn.

"I have sold them by auction at the Hôtel Drouot," he went on. "The sale took place three days ago, and they have telegraphed me the result. It's magnificent."

"I am glad to hear it; but I wish you had kept your pretty things."

"I have the money instead—forty thousand dollars. Will Mr. Osmond think me rich enough now?"

"Is it for that you did it?" Isabel asked, gently.

"For what else in the world could it be? That is the only thing I think

of. I went to Paris and made my arrangements. I couldn't stop for the sale; I couldn't have seen them going off; I think it would have killed me. But I put them into good hands, and they brought high prices. I should tell you I have kept my enamels. Now I have got the money in my pocket, and he can't say I'm poor!" the young man exclaimed, defiantly.

"He will say now that you are not wise," said Isabel, as if Gilbert Osmond had never said this before.

Rosier gave her a sharp look.

"Do you mean that without my bibelots I am nothing? Do you mean that they were the best thing about me? That's what they told me in Paris; oh, they were very frank about it. But they hadn't seen *her*!"

"My dear friend, you deserve to succeed," said Isabel, very kindly.

"You say that so sadly, that it's the same as if you said I shouldn't." And he questioned her eye with the clear trepidation of his own. He had the air of a man who knows he has been the talk of Paris for a week and is full half a head taller in consequence; but who also has a painful suspicion that in spite of this increase of stature one or two persons still have the perversity to think him diminutive. "I know what happened here while I was away," he went on. "What does Mr. Osmond expect, after she has refused Lord Warburton?"

Isabel hesitated a moment.

"That she will marry another nobleman."

"What other nobleman?"

"One that he will pick out."

Rosier slowly got up, putting his watch into his waistcoat-pocket.

"You are laughing at some one; but this time I don't think it's at me."

"I didn't mean to laugh," said Isabel. "I laugh very seldom. Now you had better go away."

"I feel very safe!" Rosier declared, without moving. This might be; but it evidently made him feel more so to make the announcement in rather a

loud voice, balancing himself a little, complacently, on his toes, and looking all round the Coliseum, as if it were filled with an audience. Suddenly Isabel saw him change colour; there was more of an audience than he had suspected. She turned, and perceived that her two companions had returned from their excursion.

"You must really go away," she said quickly.

"Ah, my dear lady, pity me!" Edward Rosier murmured, in a voice strangely at variance with the announcement I have just quoted. And then he added, eagerly, like a man who in the midst of his misery is seized by a happy thought—"Is that lady the Countess Gemini? I have a great desire to be presented to her."

Isabel looked at him a moment.

"She has no influence with her brother."

"Ah, what a monster you make him out!" Rosier exclaimed, glancing at the Countess, who advanced, in front of Pansy, with an animation partly due perhaps to the fact that she perceived her sister-in-law to be engaged in conversation with a very pretty young man.

"I am glad you have kept your enamels!" Isabel exclaimed, leaving him. She went straight to Pansy, who, on seeing Edward Rosier, had stopped short, with lowered eyes. "We will go back to the carriage," said Isabel gently.

"Yes, it is getting late," Pansy answered, more gently still. And she went on without a murmur, without faltering or glancing back.

Isabel, however, allowed herself this last liberty, and saw that a meeting had immediately taken place between the Countess and Mr. Rosier. He had removed his hat, and was bowing and smiling; he had evidently introduced himself; while the Countess's expressive back displayed to Isabel's eye a gracious inclination. These facts, however, were presently lost to sight, for Isabel and Pansy took their places

again in the carriage. Pansy, who faced her stepmother, at first kept her eyes fixed on her lap; then she raised them and rested them on Isabel's. There shone out of each of them a little melancholy ray—a spark of timid passion which touched Isabel to the heart. At the same time a wave of envy passed over her soul, as she compared the tremulous longing, the definite ideal, of the young girl with her own dry despair.

"Poor little Pansy!" she said, affectionately.

"Oh, never mind!" Pansy answered, in the tone of eager apology.

And then there was a silence; the Countess was a long time coming.

"Did you show your aunt everything, and did she enjoy it?" Isabel asked at last.

"Yes, I showed her everything. I think she was very much pleased."

"And you are not tired, I hope."

"Oh no, thank you, I am not tired."

The Countess still remained behind, so that Isabel requested the footman to go into the Coliseum and tell her that they were waiting. He presently returned with the announcement that the Signora Contessa begged them not to wait—she would come home in a cab!

About a week after this lady's quick sympathies had enlisted themselves with Mr. Rosier, Isabel, going rather late to dress for dinner, found Pansy sitting in her room. The girl seemed to have been waiting for her; she got up from her low chair.

"Excuse my taking the liberty," she said, in a low voice. "It will be the last—for some time."

Her voice was strange, and her eyes, widely opened, had an excited, frightened look.

"You are not going away!" Isabel exclaimed.

"I am going to the convent."

"To the convent?"

Pansy drew nearer, till she was near enough to put her arms round Isabel and rest her head on her shoulder.

She stood this way a moment, perfectly still ; but Isabel could feel her trembling. The tremor of her little body expressed everything that she was unable to say.

Nevertheless, Isabel went on in a moment—

"Why are you going to the convent?"

"Because papa thinks it best. He says a young girl is better, every now and then, for making a little retreat. He says the world, always the world, is very bad for a young girl. This is just a chance for a little seclusion—a little reflection." Pansy spoke in short detached sentences, as if she could not trust herself. And then she added, with a triumph of self-control—"I think papa is right; I have been so much in the world this winter."

Her announcement had a strange effect upon Isabel; it seemed to carry a larger meaning than the girl herself knew.

"When was this decided?" she asked. "I have heard nothing of it."

"Papa told me half an hour ago; he thought it better it shouldn't be too much talked about in advance. Madame Catherine is to come for me at a quarter-past seven, and I am only to take two dresses. It is only for a few weeks; I am sure it will be very good. I shall find all those ladies who used to be so kind to me, and I shall see the little girls who are being educated. I am very fond of little girls," said Pansy, with a sort of diminutive grandeur. "And I am also very fond of Mother Catherine. I shall be very quiet, and think a great deal."

Isabel listened to her, holding her breath; she was almost awe-struck.

"Think of me, sometimes," she said.

"Ah, come and see me soon!" cried Pansy; and the cry was very different from the heroic remarks of which she has just delivered herself.

Isabel could say nothing more; she understood nothing; she only felt that she did not know her husband yet.

Her answer to Pansy was a long tender kiss.

Half an hour later she learned from her maid that Madame Catherine had arrived in a cab, and had departed again with the Signorina. On going to the drawing-room before dinner she found the Countess Gemini alone, and this lady characterised the incident by exclaiming, with a wonderful toss of the head—" *En voilà, ma chère, une pose!*" But if it was an affectation, she was at a loss to see what her husband affected. She could only dimly perceive that he had more traditions than she supposed. It had become her habit to be so careful as to what she said to him that, strange as it may appear, she hesitated, for several minutes after he had come in, to allude to his daughter's sudden departure; she spoke of it only after they were seated at table. But she had forbidden herself ever to ask Osmond a question. All she could do was to make a declaration, and there was one that came very naturally.

"I shall miss Pansy very much."

Osmond looked a while, with his head inclined a little, at the basket of flowers in the middle of the table.

"Ah, yes," he said at last, "I had thought of that. You must go and see her, you know; but not too often. I dare say you wonder why I sent her to the good sisters; but I doubt whether I can make you understand. It doesn't matter; don't trouble yourself about it. That's why I had not spoken of it. I didn't believe you would enter into it. But I have always had the idea; I have always thought it a part of the education of a young girl. A young girl should be fresh and fair; she should be innocent and gentle. With the manners of the present time she is liable to become so dusty and crumpled! Pansy is a little dusty, a little dishevelled; she has knocked about too much. This bustling, pushing rabble, that calls itself society—one should take her out of it occasionally. Convents are very quiet, very convenient, very salu-

tary. I like to think of her there, in the old garden, under the arcade, among those tranquil, virtuous women. Many of them are gentlewomen born. She will have her books and her drawing; she will have her piano. I have made the most liberal arrangements. There is to be nothing ascetic; there is just to be a certain little feeling. She will have time to think, and there is something I want her to think about." Osmond spoke deliberately, reasonably, still with his head on one side, as if he were looking at the basket of flowers. His tone, however, was that of a man not so much offering an explanation as putting a thing into words—almost into pictures—to see, himself, how it would look. He contemplated a while the picture he had evoked, and seemed greatly pleased with it. And then he went on—"The Catholics are very wise, after all. The convent is a great institution; we can't do without it; it corresponds to an essential need in families, in society. It's a school of good manners; it's a school of repose. Oh, I don't want to detach my daughter from the world," he added; "I don't want to make her fix her thoughts on the other one. This one is very well, after all, and she may think of it as much as she chooses. Only she must think of it in the right way."

Isabel gave an extreme attention to this little sketch; she found it indeed intensely interesting. It seemed to show her how far her husband's desire to be effective was capable of going—to the point of playing picturesque tricks upon the delicate organism of his daughter. She could not understand his purpose, no—not wholly; but she understood it better than he supposed or desired, inasmuch as she was convinced that the whole proceeding was an elaborate mystification, addressed to herself and destined to act upon her imagination. He wished to do something sudden and arbitrary, something unexpected and refined; to mark the difference between his sympathies and her own, and to show that

if he regarded his daughter as a precious work of art, it was natural he should be more and more careful about the finishing touches. If he wished to be effective he had succeeded; the incident struck a chill into Isabel's heart. Pansy had known the convent in her childhood and had found a happy home there; she was fond of the good sisters, who were very fond of her, and there was therefore, for the moment, no definite hardship in her lot. But all the same, the girl had taken fright; the impression her father wanted to make would evidently be sharp enough. The old Protestant tradition had never faded from Isabel's imagination, and as her thoughts attached themselves to this striking example of her husband's genius—she sat looking, like him, at the basket of flowers—poor little Pansy became the heroine of a tragedy. Osmond wished it to be known that he shrank from nothing, and Isabel found it hard to pretend to eat her dinner. There was a certain relief, presently, in hearing the high, bright voice of her sister-in-law. The Countess, too, apparently, had been thinking the thing out; but she had arrived at a different conclusion from Isabel.

"It is very absurd, my dear Osmond," she said, "to invent so many pretty reasons for poor Pansy's banishment. Why don't you say at once that you want to get her out of my way. Haven't you discovered that I think very well of Mr. Rosier? I do indeed; he seems to me a delightful young man. He has made me believe in true love; I never did before! Of course you have made up your mind that with those convictions I am dreadful company for Pansy."

Osmond took a sip of a glass of wine; he looked perfectly good-humoured.

"My dear Amy," he answered, smiling as if he were uttering a piece of gallantry, "I don't know anything about your convictions, but if I suspected that they interfere with mine it would be much simpler to banish you."

LI.

THE Countess was not banished, but she felt the insecurity of her tenure of her brother's hospitality. A week after this incident Isabel received a telegram from England, dated from Gardencourt and bearing the stamp of Mrs. Touchett's authorship. "Ralph cannot last many days," it ran, "and if convenient would like to see you. Wishes me to say that you must come only if you have not other duties. Say, for myself, that you used to talk a good deal about your duty and to wonder what it was; shall be curious to see whether you have found out. Ralph is dying and there is no other company." Isabel was prepared for this news, having received from Henrietta Stackpole a detailed account of her journey to England with her appreciative patient. Ralph had arrived more dead than alive, but she had managed to convey him to Gardencourt, where he had taken to his bed, which, as Miss Stackpole wrote, he evidently would never leave again. "I like him much better sick than when he used to be well," said Henrietta, who, it will be remembered, had taken a few years before a sceptical view of Ralph's disabilities. She added that she had really had two patients on her hands instead of one, for that Mr. Goodwood, who had been of no earthly use, was quite as sick, in a different way, as Mr. Touchett. Afterwards she wrote that she had been obliged to surrender the field to Mrs. Touchett, who had just returned from America and had promptly given her to understand that she didn't wish any interviewing at Gardencourt. Isabel had written to her aunt shortly after Ralph came to Rome, letting her know of his critical condition, and suggesting that she should lose no time in returning to Europe. Mrs. Touchett had telegraphed an acknowledgment of this admonition, and the only further news Isabel received from her was the

second telegram, which I have just quoted.

Isabel stood a moment looking at the latter missive, then, thrusting it into her pocket, she went straight to the door of her husband's study. Here she again paused an instant, after which she opened the door and went in. Osmond was seated at the table near the window with a folio volume before him, propped against a pile of books. This volume was open at a page of small coloured plates, and Isabel presently saw that he had been copying from it the drawing of a precious antique coin. A box of water-colours and fine brushes lay before him, and he had already transferred to a sheet of immaculate paper the delicate, finely-tinted disk. His back was turned to the door, but without looking round he recognised his wife.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," she said.

"When I come to your room I always knock," he answered, going on with his work.

"I forgot; I had something else to think of. My cousin is dying."

"Ah, I don't believe that," said Osmond, looking at his drawing through a magnifying-glass. "He was dying when we married; he will outlive us all."

Isabel gave herself no time, no thought, to appreciate the careful cynicism of this declaration; she simply went on quickly, full of her own intention,

"My aunt has telegraphed to me; I must go to Gardencourt."

"Why must you go to Gardencourt?" Osmond asked, in the tone of impartial curiosity.

"To see Ralph before he dies."

To this, for some time, Osmond made no rejoinder; he continued to give his chief attention to his work, which was of a sort that would brook no negligence.

"I don't see the need of it," he said at last. "He came to see you here. I didn't like that; I thought his being in Rome a great mistake. But I

tolerated it, because it was to be the last time you should see him. Now you tell me it is not to have been the last. Ah, you are not grateful!"

"What am I to be grateful for?"

Gilbert Osmond laid down his little implements, blew a speck of dust from his drawing, slowly got up, and for the first time looked at his wife.

"For my not having interfered while he was here."

"Oh yes, I am. I remember perfectly how distinctly you let me know you didn't like it. I was very glad when he went away."

"Leave him alone then. Don't run after him."

Isabel turned her eyes away from him; they rested upon his little drawing.

"I must go to England," she said, with a full consciousness that her tone might strike an irritable man of taste as stupidly obstinate.

"I shall not like it if you do," Osmond remarked.

"Why should I mind that? You won't like it if I don't. You like nothing I do or don't do. You pretend to think I lie."

Osmond turned slightly pale; he gave a cold smile.

"That's why you must go then? Not to see your cousin, but to take a revenge on me."

"I know nothing about revenge."

"I do," said Osmond. "Don't give me an occasion."

"You are only too eager to take one. You wish immensely that I would commit some folly."

"I shall be gratified then if you disobey me."

"If I disobey you?" said Isabel, in a low tone, which had the effect of gentleness.

"Let it be clear. If you leave Rome to-day it will be a piece of the most deliberate, the most calculated opposition."

"How can you call it calculated? I received my aunt's telegram but three minutes ago."

"You calculate rapidly; it's a great

accomplishment. I don't see why we should prolong our discussion; you know my wish." And he stood there as if he expected to see her withdraw.

But she never moved; she couldn't move, strange as it may seem; she still wished to justify herself; he had the power, in an extraordinary degree, of making her feel this need. There was something in her imagination that he could always appeal to against her judgment.

"You have no reason for such a wish," said Isabel, "and I have every reason for going. I can't tell you how unjust you seem to me. But I think you know. It is your own opposition that is calculated. It is malignant."

She had never uttered her worst thought to her husband before, and the sensation of hearing it was evidently new to Osmond. But he showed no surprise, and his coolness was apparently a proof that he had believed his wife would in fact be unable to resist for ever his ingenious endeavour to draw her out.

"It is all the more intense, then," he answered. And he added, almost as if he were giving her a friendly counsel—"This is a very important matter." She recognised this; she was fully conscious of the weight of the occasion; she knew that between them they had arrived at a crisis. Its gravity made her careful; she said nothing, and he went on. "You say I have no reason? I have the very best. I dislike, from the bottom of my soul, what you intend to do. It's dishonourable; it's indelicate; it's indecent. Your cousin is nothing whatever to me, and I am under no obligation to make concessions to him. I have already made the very handsomest. Your relations with him, while he was here, kept me on pins and needles; but I let that pass, because from week to week I expected him to go. I have never liked him and he has never liked me. That's why you like him—because he hates me," said Osmond, with a quick, barely audible

tremor in his voice. "I have an ideal of what my wife should do and should not do. She should not travel across Europe alone, in defiance of my deepest desire, to sit at the bedside of other men. Your cousin is nothing to you; he is nothing to us. You smile most expressively when I talk about *us*; but I assure you that *we*, *we*, is all that I see. I take our marriage seriously; you appear to have found a way of not doing so. I am not aware that we are divorced or separated; for me we are indissolubly united. You are nearer to me than any human creature, and I am nearer to you. It may be a disagreeable proximity; it's one, at any rate, of our own deliberate making. You don't like to be reminded of that, I know; but I am perfectly willing, because—because—" And Osmond paused a moment, looking as if he had something to say which would be very much to the point. "Because I think we should accept the consequences of our actions, and what I value most in life is the honour of a thing!"

He spoke gravely and almost gently; the accent of sarcasm had dropped out of his tone. It had a gravity which checked his wife's quick emotion; the resolution with which she had entered the room found itself caught in a mesh of fine threads. His last words were not a command, they constituted a kind of appeal; and though she felt that the expression of respect, on Osmond's part, for whatever it might be, could only be a refinement of egotism, they represented something transcendent and absolute, like the sign of the cross or the flag of one's country. He spoke in the name of something sacred and precious—the observance of a magnificent form. They were as perfectly apart in feeling as two disillusioned lovers had ever been; but they had never yet separated in act. Isabel had not changed; her old passion for justice still abode within her; and now, in the very thick of her sense of her husband's blasphemous sophistry, it began to throb

to a tune which for a moment promised him the victory. It came over her that in his wish to preserve appearances he was after all sincere, and that this, as far as it went, was a merit. Ten minutes before, she had felt all the joy of irreflective action—a joy to which she had so long been a stranger; but action had been suddenly changed to slow renunciation, transformed by the blight of her husband's touch. If she must renounce, however, she would let him know that she was a victim rather than a dupe. "I know you are a master of the art of mockery," she said. "How can you speak of an indissoluble union—how can you speak of your being contented? Where is our union when you accuse me of falsity? Where is your contentment when you have nothing but hideous suspicion in your heart?"

"It is in our living decently together, in spite of such drawbacks."

"We don't live decently together!" Isabel cried.

"Indeed we don't, if you go to England!"

"That's very little; that's nothing. I might do much more."

Osmond raised his eyebrows and even his shoulders a little; he had lived long enough in Italy to catch this trick. "Ah, if you have come to threaten me, I prefer my drawing," he said, walking back to his table, where he took up the sheet of paper on which he had been working and stood a moment examining his work.

"I suppose that if I go you will not expect me to come back," said Isabel.

He turned quickly round, and she could see that this movement at least was not studied. He looked at her a little, and then—"Are you out of your mind?" he inquired.

"How can it be anything but a rupture?" she went on; "especially if all you say is true?" She was unable to see how it could be anything but a rupture; she sincerely wished to know what else it might be.

Osmond sat down before his table.

"I really can't argue with you on the hypothesis of your defying me," he said. And he took up one of his little brushes again.

Isabel lingered but a moment longer; long enough to embrace with her eye his whole deliberately indifferent, yet most expressive figure; after which she quickly left the room. Her faculties, her energy, her passion, were all dispersed again; she felt as if a cold, dank mist had suddenly encompassed her. Osmond possessed in a supreme degree the art of eliciting one's weakness.

On her way back to her room she found the Countess Gemini standing in the open doorway of a little parlour in which a small collection of books had been arranged. The Countess had an open volume in her hand; she appeared to have been glancing down a page which failed to strike her as interesting. At the sound of Isabel's step she raised her head.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "you, who are so literary, do tell me some amusing book to read! Everything here is so fearfully edifying. Do you think this would do me any good?"

Isabel glanced at the title of the volume she held out, but without reading or understanding it. "I am afraid I can't advise you. I have had bad news. My cousin, Ralph Touchett, is dying."

The Countess threw down her book. "Ah, he was so nice! I am sorry for you," she said.

"You would be sorrier still if you knew."

"What is there to know? You look very badly," the Countess added. "You must have been with Osmond."

Half an hour before, Isabel would have listened very coldly to an intimation that she should ever feel a desire for the sympathy of her sister-in-law, and there can be no better proof of her present embarrassment than the fact that she almost clutched at this lady's fluttering attention. "I have been with Osmond," she said, while the Countess's bright eyes glittered at her.

"I am sure he has been odious!" the Countess cried. "Did he say he was glad poor Mr. Touchett is dying?"

"He said it is impossible I should go to England."

The Countess's mind, when her interests were concerned, was agile; she already foresaw the extinction of any further brightness in her visit to Rome. Ralph Touchett would die, Isabel would go into mourning, and then there would be no more dinner-parties. Such a prospect produced for a moment in her countenance an expressive grimace; but this rapid, picturesque play of feature was her only tribute to disappointment. After all, she reflected, the game was almost played out; she had already outstayed her invitation. And then she cared enough for Isabel's trouble to forget her own, and she saw that Isabel's trouble was deep. It seemed deeper than the mere death of a cousin, and the Countess had no hesitation in connecting her exasperating brother with the expression of her sister-in-law's eyes. Her heart beat with an almost joyous expectation; for if she had wished to see Osmond overtopped, the conditions looked favourable now. Of course, if Isabel should go to England, she herself would immediately leave the Palazzo Roccanera; nothing would induce her to remain there with Osmond. Nevertheless she felt an immense desire to hear that Isabel would go to England. "Nothing is impossible for you, my dear," she said, caressingly. "Why else are you rich and clever, and good?"

"Why indeed? I feel stupidly weak."

"Why does Osmond say it's impossible?" the Countess asked, in a tone which sufficiently declared that she couldn't imagine.

From the moment that she began to question her, however, Isabel drew back; she disengaged her hand, which the Countess had affectionately taken. But she answered this inquiry with frank bitterness. "Because we are so

happy together that we cannot separate even for a fortnight."

"Ah," cried the Countess, while Isabel turned away; "when I want to make a journey my husband simply tells me I can have no money!"

Isabel went to her own room, where she walked up and down for an hour. It may seem to some readers that she took things very hard, and it is certain that for a woman of a high spirit she had allowed herself easily to be arrested. It seemed to her that only now she fully measured the great undertaking of matrimony. Marriage meant that in such a case as this, when one had to choose, one chose as a matter of course for one's husband. "I am afraid—yes I am afraid," she said to herself more than once, stopping short in her walk. But what she was afraid of was not her husband—his displeasure, his hatred, his revenge; it was not even her own later judgment of her conduct—a consideration which had often held her in check; it was simply the violence there would be in going when Osmond wished her to remain. A gulf of difference had opened between them, but nevertheless it was his desire that she should stay, it was a horror to him that she should go. She knew the nervous fineness with which he could feel an objection. What he thought of her she knew; what he was capable of saying to her she had felt; yet they were married, for all that, and marriage meant that a woman should abide with her husband. She sank down on her sofa at last, and buried her head in a pile of cushions.

When she raised her head again, the Countess Gemini stood before her. She had come in noiselessly, unperceived; she had a strange smile on her thin lips, and a still stranger glitter in her small dark eye.

"I knocked," she said, "but you didn't answer me. So I ventured in. I have been looking at you for the last five minutes. You are very unhappy."

"Yes; but I don't think you can comfort me."

"Will you give me leave to try?"

And the Countess sat down on the sofa beside her. She continued to smile, and there was something communicative and exultant in her expression. She appeared to have something to say, and it occurred to Isabel for the first time that her sister-in-law might say something important. She fixed her brilliant eyes upon Isabel, who found at last a disagreeable fascination in her gaze. "After all," the Countess went on, "I must tell you, to begin with, that I don't understand your state of mind. You seem to have so many scruples, so many reasons, so many ties. When I discovered, ten years ago, that my husband's dearest wish was to make me miserable—of late he has simply let me alone—ah, it was a wonderful simplification! My poor Isabel, you are not simple enough."

"No, I am not simple enough," said Isabel.

"There is something I want you to know," the Countess declared—"because I think you ought to know it. Perhaps you do; perhaps you have guessed it. But if you have, all I can say is that I understand still less why you shouldn't do as you like."

"What do you wish me to know?" Isabel felt a foreboding which made her heart beat. The Countess was about to justify herself, and this alone was portentous.

But the Countess seemed disposed to play a little with her subject. "In your place I should have guessed it ages ago. Have you never really suspected?"

"I have guessed nothing. What should I have suspected? I don't know what you mean."

"That's because you have got such a pure mind. I never saw a woman with such a pure mind!" cried the Countess.

Isabel slowly got up. "You are going to tell me something horrible."

"You can call it by whatever name you will!" And the Countess rose also, while the sharp animation of her

bright, capricious face emitted a kind of flash. She stood a moment looking at Isabel, and then she said—"My first sister-in-law had no children!"

Isabel stared back at her; the announcement was an anti-climax. "Your first sister-in-law?" she murmured.

"I suppose you know that Osmond has been married before? I have never spoken to you of his wife; I didn't suppose it was proper. But others, less particular, must have done so. The poor little woman lived but two years and died childless. It was after her death that Pansy made her appearance."

Isabel's brow had gathered itself into a frown; her lips were parted in pale, vague wonder. She was trying to follow; there seemed to be more to follow than she could see. "Pansy is not my husband's child, then?"

"Your husband's—in perfection! But no one else's husband's. Some one else's wife's. Ah, my good Isabel," cried the Countess, "with you one must dot one's *i*'s!"

"I don't understand; whose wife's?" said Isabel.

"The wife of a horrid little Swiss, who died twelve years ago. He never recognised Miss Pansy, and there was no reason he should. Osmond did, and that was better."

Isabel stayed the name which rose in a sudden question to her lips; she sank down on her seat again, hanging her head. "Why have you told me this?" she asked, in a voice which the Countess hardly recognised.

"Because I was so tired of your not knowing! I was tired of not having told you. It seemed to me so dull. It's not a lie, you know; it's exactly as I say."

"I never knew," said Isabel, looking up at her, simply.

"So I believed—though it was hard to believe! Has it never occurred to you that he has been her lover?"

"I don't know. Something has occurred to me. Perhaps it was that."

"She has been wonderfully clever about Pansy!" cried the Countess.

"That thing has never occurred to me," said Isabel. "And as it is—I don't understand."

She spoke in a low, thoughtful tone, and the poor Countess was equally surprised and disappointed at the effect of her revelation. She had expected to kindle a conflagration, and as yet she had barely extracted a flash. Isabel seemed more awe-stricken than anything else.

"Don't you perceive that the child could never pass for her husband's?" the Countess asked. "They had been separated too long for that, and M. Merle had gone to some far country; I think to South America. If she had ever had children—which I am not sure of—she had lost them. On the other hand, circumstances made it convenient enough for Osmond to acknowledge the little girl. His wife was dead—very true; but she had only been dead a year, and what was more natural than that she should have left behind a pledge of their affection? With the aid of a change of residence—he had been living at Naples, and he left it for ever—the little fable was easily set going. My poor sister-in-law, who was in her grave, couldn't help herself, and the real mother, to save her reputation, renounced all visible property in the child."

"Ah, poor creature!" cried Isabel, bursting into tears. It was a long time since she had shed any; she had suffered a reaction from weeping. But now they gushed with an abundance in which the Countess Gemini found only another discomfiture.

"It's very kind of you to pity her!" she cried, with a discordant laugh. "Yes indeed, you have a pure mind!"

"He must have been false to his wife," said Isabel, suddenly controlling herself.

"That's all that's wanting—that you should take up *her* cause!" the Countess went on.

"But to me—to me—" And Isabel

hesitated, though there was a question in her eyes.

"To you he has been faithful? It depends upon what you call faithful. When he married you, he was no longer the lover of another woman. That state of things had passed away; the lady had repented; and she had a worship of appearances so intense that even Osmond himself got tired of it. You may therefore imagine what it was! But the whole past was between them."

"Yes," said Isabel, "the whole past is between them!"

"Ah, this later past is nothing. But for five years they were very intimate."

"Why then did she want him to marry me?"

"Ah, my dear, that's her superiority! Because you had money; and because she thought you would be good to Pansy."

"Poor woman—and Pansy who doesn't like her!" cried Isabel.

"That's the reason she wanted some one whom Pansy would like. She knows it; she knows everything."

"Will she know that you have told me this?"

"That will depend upon whether you tell her. She is prepared for it, and do you know what she counts upon for her defence? On your thinking that I lie. Perhaps you do; don't make yourself uncomfortable to hide it. Only as it happens I don't. I have told little fibs; but they have never hurt any one but myself."

Isabel sat staring at her companion's story as at a bale of fantastic wares that some strolling gipsy might have unpacked on the carpet at her feet. "Why did Osmond never marry her?" she asked, at last.

"Because she had no money." The Countess had an answer for everything, and if she lied she lied well. "No one knows, no one has ever known, what she lives on, or how she has got all those beautiful things. I don't believe Osmond himself knows. Besides, she wouldn't have married him."

"How can she have loved him then?"

"She doesn't love him, in that way. She did at first, and then, I suppose, she would have married him; but at that time her husband was living. By the time M. Merle had rejoined—I won't say his ancestors, because he never had any—her relations with Osmond had changed, and she had grown more ambitious. She hoped she might marry a great man; that has always been her idea. She has waited and watched and plotted and prayed; but she has never succeeded. I don't call Madame Merle a success, you know. I don't know what she may accomplish yet, but at present she has very little to show. The only tangible result she has ever achieved—except, of course, getting to know every one and staying with them free of expense—has been her bringing you and Osmond together. Oh, she did that, my dear; you needn't look as if you doubted it. I have watched them for years; I know everything—everything. I am thought a great scatterbrain, but I have had enough application of mind to follow up those two. She hates me, and her way of showing it is to pretend to be for ever defending me. When people say I have had fifteen lovers, she looks horrified and declares that half of them were never proved. She has been afraid of me for years, and she has taken great comfort in the vile, false things that people have said about me. She has been afraid I would expose her, and she threatened me one day, when Osmond began to pay his court to you. It was at his house in Florence; do you remember that afternoon when she brought you there and we had tea in the garden? She let me know then that if I should tell tales, two could play at that game. She pretends there is a good deal more to tell about me than about her. It would be an interesting comparison! I don't care a fig what she may say, simply because I know you don't care a fig. You can't trouble your head about

me less than you do already. So she may take her revenge as she chooses; I don't think she will frighten you very much. Her great idea has been to be tremendously irreproachable—a kind of full-blown lily—the incarnation of propriety. She has always worshipped that god. There should be no scandal about Caesar's wife, you know; and, as I say, she has always hoped to marry Caesar. That was one reason she wouldn't marry Osmond; the fear that on seeing her with Pansy people would put things together—would even see a resemblance. She has had a terror lest the mother should betray herself. She has been awfully careful; the mother has never done so."

"Yes, yes, the mother has done so," said Isabel, who had listened to all this with a face of deepening dreariness. "She betrayed herself to me the other day, though I did not recognise her. There appeared to have been a chance of Pansy's making a great marriage, and in her disappointment at its not coming off she almost dropped the mask."

"Ah, that's where she would stumble!" cried the Countess. "She has failed so dreadfully herself that she is determined her daughter shall make it up."

Isabel started at the words "her daughter," which the Countess threw off so familiarly. "It seems very wonderful!" she murmured; and in this bewildering impression she had almost lost her sense of being personally touched by the story.

"Now don't go and turn against the poor innocent child!" the Countess went on. "She is very nice, in spite of her lamentable parentage. I have liked Pansy, not because she was hers—but because she had become yours."

"Yes, she has become mine. And how the poor woman must have suffered at seeing me with her!" Isabel exclaimed, flushing quickly at the thought.

"I don't believe she has suffered; on the contrary, she has enjoyed.

Osmond's marriage has given Pansy a great lift. Before that she lived in a hole. And do you know what the mother thought? That you might take such a fancy to the child that you would do something for her. Osmond, of course, could never give her a dowry. Osmond was really extremely poor; but of course you know all about that.—Ah, my dear," cried the Countess, "why did you ever inherit money?" She stopped a moment, as if she saw something singular in Isabel's face. "Don't tell me now that you will give her a position! You are capable of that, but I shouldn't believe it. Don't try to be too good. Be a little wicked, feel a little wicked, for once in your life!"

"It's very strange. I suppose I ought to know, but I am sorry," Isabel said. "I am much obliged to you."

"Yes, you seem to be!" cried the Countess, with a mocking laugh. "Perhaps you are—perhaps you are not. You don't take it as I should have thought."

"How should I take it?" Isabel asked.

"Well, I should say as a woman who has been made use of!" Isabel made no answer to this; she only listened, and the Countess went on. "They have always been bound to each other; they remained so even after she became virtuous. But he has always been more for her than she has been for him. When their little carnival was over they made a bargain that each should give the other complete liberty, but that each should also do everything possible to help the other on. You may ask me how I know such a thing as that. I know it by the way they have behaved. Now see how much better women are than men! She has found a wife for Osmond, but Osmond has never lifted a little finger for her. She has worked for him, plotted for him, suffered for him; she has even more than once found money for him; and the end of it is that he is tired of her. She is

an old habit; there are moments when he needs her; but on the whole he wouldn't miss her if she were removed. And, what's more, to-day she knows it. So you needn't be jealous!" the Countess added, humorously.

Isabel rose from her sofa again; she felt bruised and short of breath; her head was humming with new knowledge. "I am much obliged to you," she repeated. And then she added, abruptly, in quite a different tone—"How do you know all this?"

This inquiry appeared to ruffle the Countess more than Isabel's expression of gratitude pleased her. She gave her companion a bold stare, with which—"Let us assume that I have invented it!" she cried. She too, however, suddenly changed her tone, and, laying her hand on Isabel's arm, said softly, with her sharp, bright smile—"Now will you give up your journey?"

Isabel started a little; she turned away. But she felt weak, and in a moment had to lay her arm upon the mantel-shelf for support. She stood a minute so, and then upon her arm she dropped her dizzy head, with closed eyes and pale lips.

"I have done wrong to speak—I have made you ill!" the Countess cried.

"Ah, I must see Ralph!" Isabel murmured; not in resentment, not in the quick passion her companion had looked for; but in a tone of exquisite far-reaching sadness.

LII.

THERE was a train for Turin and Paris that evening; and after the Countess had left her, Isabel had a rapid and decisive conference with her maid, who was discreet, devoted, and active. After this, she thought (except of her journey) of only one thing. She must go and see Pansy; from her she could not turn away. She had not seen her yet, as Osmond had given her to understand that it was too soon to begin. She drove at five o'clock to a

high door in a narrow street in the quarter of the Piazza Navona, and was admitted by the portress of the convent, a genial and obsequious person. Isabel had been at this institution before; she had come with Pansy to see the sisters. She knew they were good women, and she saw that the large rooms were clean and cheerful, and that the well-used garden had sun for winter and shade for spring. But she disliked the place, and it made her horribly sad; not for the world would she have spent a night there. It produced to-day more than before the impression of a well-appointed prison; for it was not possible to pretend that Pansy was free to leave it. This innocent creature had been presented to her in a new and violent light, but the secondary effect of the revelation was to make Isabel reach out her hand to her.

The portress left her to wait in the parlour of the convent, while she went to make it known that there was a visitor for the dear young lady. The parlour was a vast, cold apartment, with new-looking furniture; a large clean stove of white porcelain, unlighted; a collection of wax-flowers, under glass; and a series of engravings from religious pictures on the walls. On the other occasion Isabel had thought it less like Rome than like Philadelphia; but to-day she made no reflections; the apartment only seemed to her very empty and very soundless. The portress returned at the end of some five minutes, ushering in another person. Isabel got up, expecting to see one of the ladies of the sisterhood; but to her extreme surprise she found herself confronted with Madame Merle. The effect was strange, for Madame Merle was already so present to her vision that her appearance in the flesh was a sort of reduplication. Isabel had been thinking all day of her falsity, her audacity, her ability, her probable suffering; and these dark things seemed to flash with a sudden light as she entered the room. Her being there at all was a

kind of vivid proof. It made Isabel feel faint; if it had been necessary to speak on the spot, she would have been quite unable. But no such necessity was distinct to her; it seemed to her indeed that she had absolutely nothing to say to Madame Merle. In one's relations with this lady, however, there were never any absolute necessities; she had a manner which carried off not only her own deficiencies, but those of other people. But she was different from usual; she came in slowly, behind the portress, and Isabel instantly perceived that she was not likely to depend upon her habitual resources. For her, too, the occasion was exceptional, and she had undertaken to treat it by the light of the moment. This gave her a peculiar gravity; she did not even pretend to smile, and though Isabel saw that she was, more than ever, playing a part, it seemed to her that on the whole the wonderful woman had never been so natural. She looked at Isabel from head to foot, but not harshly nor defiantly; with a cold gentleness rather, and an absence of any air of allusion to their last meeting. It was as if she had wished to mark a difference; she had been irritated then—she was reconciled now.

"You can leave us alone," she said to the portress; "in five minutes this lady will ring for you." And then she turned to Isabel, who, after noting what has just been mentioned, had ceased to look at her, and had let her eyes wander as far as the limits of the room would allow. She wished never to look at Madame Merle again. "You are surprised to find me here, and I am afraid you are not pleased," this lady went on. "You don't see why I should have come; it's as if I had anticipated you. I confess I have been rather indiscreet—I ought to have asked your permission." There was none of the oblique movement of irony in this; it was said simply and softly; but Isabel, far afloat on a sea of wonder and pain, could not have told herself with what intention it was

uttered. "But I have not been sitting long," Madame Merle continued; "that is, I have not been long with Pansy. I came to see her because it occurred to me this afternoon that she must be rather lonely, and perhaps even a little miserable. It may be good for a young girl; I know so little about young girls, I can't tell. At any rate it's a little dismal. Therefore I came—on the chance. I knew of course that you would come, and her father as well; still, I had not been told that other visitors were forbidden. The good woman—what's her name? Madame Catherine—made no objection whatever. I stayed twenty minutes with Pansy; she has a charming little room, not in the least conventual, with a piano and flowers. She has arranged it delightfully; she has so much taste. Of course it's all none of my business, but I feel happier since I have seen her. She may even have a maid if she likes; but of course she has no occasion to dress. She wears a little black dress; she looks so charming. I went afterwards to see Mother Catherine, who has a very good room too; I assure you I don't find the poor sisters at all monastic. Mother Catherine has a most coquettish little toilet-table, with something that looked uncommonly like a bottle of eau-de-Cologne. She speaks delightfully of Pansy; says it's a great happiness for them to have her. She is a little saint of heaven, and a model to the oldest of them. Just as I was leaving Madame Catherine, the portress came to say to her that there was a lady for the Signorina. Of course I knew it must be you, and I asked her to let me go and receive you in her place. She demurred greatly—I must tell you that—and said it was her duty to notify the Superior; it was of such high importance that you should be treated with respect. I requested her to let the poor Superior alone, and asked her how she supposed I would treat you!"

So Madame Merle went on, with much of the brilliancy of a woman

who had long been a mistress of the art of conversation. But there were phases and gradations in her speech, not one of which was lost upon Isabel's ear, though her eyes were absent from her companion's face. She had not proceeded far before Isabel noted a sudden quaver in her voice, which was in itself a complete drama. This subtle modulation marked a momentous discovery—the perception of an entirely new attitude on the part of her listener. Madame Merle had guessed in the space of an instant that everything was at end between them, and in the space of another instant she had guessed the reason why. The person who stood there was not the same one she had seen hitherto; it was a very different person—a person who knew her secret. This discovery was tremendous, and for the moment she made it the most accomplished of women faltered and lost her courage. But only for that moment. Then the conscious stream of her perfect manner gathered itself again and flowed on as smoothly as might be to the end. But it was only because she had the end in view that she was able to go on. She had been touched with a point that made her quiver, and she needed all the alertness of her will to repress her agitation. Her only safety was in not betraying herself. She did not betray herself; but the startled quality of her voice refused to improve—she couldn't help it—while she heard herself say she hardly knew what. The tide of her confidence ebbed, and she was able only just to glide into port, faintly grazing the bottom.

Isabel saw all this as distinctly as if it had been a picture on the wall. It might have been a great moment for her, for it might have been a moment of triumph. That Madame Merle had lost her pluck and saw before her the phantom of shame—this in itself was a revenge, this in itself was almost a symptom of a brighter day. And for a moment,

while she stood apparently looking out of the window, with her back half turned, Isabel enjoyed her knowledge. On the other side of the window lay the garden of the convent; but this is not what Isabel saw; she saw nothing of the budding plants and the glowing afternoon. She saw, in the crude light of that revelation which had already become a part of experience and to which the very frailty of the vessel in which it had been offered her only gave an intrinsic price, the dry, staring fact that she had been a dull un-reverenced tool. All the bitterness of this knowledge surged into her soul again; it was as if she felt upon her lips the taste of dishonour. There was a moment during which, if she had turned and spoken, she would have said something that would hiss like a lash. But she closed her eyes, and then the hideous vision died away. What remained was the cleverest woman in the world, standing there within a few feet of her and knowing as little what to think as the meanest. Isabel's only revenge was to be silent still—to leave Madame Merle in this unprecedented situation. She left her there for a period which must have seemed long to this lady, who at last seated herself with a movement which was in itself a confession of helplessness. Then Isabel turned her eyes and looked down at her. Madame Merle was very pale; her own eyes covered Isabel's face. She might see what she would, but her danger was over. Isabel would never accuse her, never reproach her; perhaps because she never would give her the opportunity to defend herself.

"I am come to bid Pansy good-bye," Isabel said at last. "I am going to England to-night."

"Going to England to-night!" Madame Merle repeated, sitting there and looking up at her.

"I am going to Gardencourt. Ralph Touchett is dying."

"Ah, you will feel that." Madame Merle recovered herself; she had a

chance to express sympathy. "Do you go alone?" she asked.

"Yes; without my husband."

Madame Merle gave a low, vague murmur; a sort of recognition of the general sadness of things.

"Mr. Touchett never liked me; but I am sorry he is dying. Shall you see his mother?"

"Yes; she has returned from America."

"She used to be very kind to me; but she has changed. Others, too, have changed," said Madame Merle, with a quiet, noble pathos. She paused a moment, and then she said, "And you will see dear old Gardencourt again!"

"I shall not enjoy it much," Isabel answered.

"Naturally—in your grief. But it is on the whole, of all the houses I know, and I know many, the one I should have liked best to live in. I don't venture to send a message to the people," Madame Merle added; "but I should like to give my love to the place."

Isabel turned away.

"I had better go to Pansy," she said. "I have not much time."

And while she looked about her for the proper egress, the door opened and admitted one of the ladies of the house, who advanced with a discreet smile, gently rubbing, under her long, loose sleeves, a pair of plump white hands. Isabel recognised her as Madame Catherine, whose acquaintance she had already made, and begged that she would immediately let her see Miss Osmond. Madame Catherine looked doubly discreet, but smiled very blandly and said—

"It will be good for her to see you. I will take you to her myself." Then she directed her pleasant, cautious little eye towards Madame Merle.

"Will you let me remain a little?" this lady asked. "It is so good to be here."

"You may remain always, if you like!" And the good sister gave a knowing laugh.

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She led Isabel out of the room, through several corridors, and up a long staircase. All these departments were solid and bare, light and clean; so, thought Isabel, are the great penal establishments. Madame Catherine gently pushed open the door of Pansy's room and ushered in the visitor; then stood smiling, with folded hands, while the two others met and embraced.

"She is glad to see you," she repeated; "it will do her good." And she placed the best chair carefully for Isabel. But she made no movement to seat herself; she seemed ready to retire. "How does this dear child look?" she asked of Isabel, lingering a moment.

"She looks pale," Isabel answered.

"That is the pleasure of seeing you. She is very happy. *Elle éclaire la maison*," said the good sister.

Pansy wore, as Madame Merle had said, a little black dress; it was perhaps this that made her look pale.

"They are very good to me—they think of everything!" she exclaimed, with all her customary eagerness to say something agreeable.

"We think of you always—you are a precious charge," Madame Catherine remarked, in the tone of a woman with whom benevolence was a habit, and whose conception of duty was the acceptance of every care. It fell with a leaden weight upon Isabel's ears; it seemed to represent the surrender of a personality, the authority of the Church.

When Madame Catherine had left them together, Pansy knelt down before Isabel and hid her head in her stepmother's lap. So she remained some moments, while Isabel gently stroked her hair. Then she got up, averting her face, and looking about the room.

"Don't you think I have arranged it well? I have everything I have at home."

"It is very pretty; you are very comfortable." Isabel scarcely knew what she could say to her. On the one hand she could not let her think

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she had come to pity her, and on the other it would be a dull mockery to pretend to rejoice with her. So she simply added, after a moment, "I have come to bid you good-bye. I am going to England."

Pansy's white little face turned red.

"To England! Not to come back?"

"I don't know when I shall come back."

"Ah; I'm sorry," said Pansy, faintly. She spoke as if she had no right to criticise; but her tone expressed a depth of disappointment.

"My cousin, Mr. Touchett, is very ill; he will probably die. I wish to see him," Isabel said.

"Ah, yes; you told me he would die. Of course you must go. And will papa go?"

"No; I shall go alone."

For a moment, Pansy said nothing. Isabel had often wondered what she thought of the apparent relations of her father with his wife; but never by a glance, by an intimation, had she let it be seen that she deemed them deficient in the quality of intimacy. She made her reflections, Isabel was sure; and she must have had a conviction that there were husbands and wives who were more intimate than that. But Pansy was not indiscreet even in thought; she would as little have ventured to judge her gentle stepmother as to criticise her magnificent father. Her heart may almost have stood still, as it would have done if she had seen two of the saints, in the great picture in the convent chapel, turn their painted heads and shake them at each other; but as in this latter case she would (for very solemnity's sake), never have mentioned the awful phenomenon, so she put away all knowledge of the secrets of larger lives than her own.

"You will be very far away," she said presently.

"Yes; I shall be far away. But it will scarcely matter," Isabel answered; "for so long as you are here I am very far away from you."

"Yes; but you can come and see me; though you have not come very often."

"I have not come because your father forbade it. To-day I bring nothing with me. I can't amuse you."

"I am not to be amused. That's not what papa wishes."

"Then it hardly matters whether I am in Rome or in England."

"You are not happy, Mrs. Osmond," said Pansy.

"Not very. But it doesn't matter."

"That's what I say to myself. What does it matter? But I should like to come out."

"I wish indeed you might."

"Don't leave me here," Pansy went on, gently.

Isabel was silent a moment; her heart beat fast.

"Will you come away with me now?" she asked.

Pansy looked at her pleadingly.

"Did papa tell you to bring me?"

"No; it's my own proposal."

"I think I had better wait, then. Did papa send me no message?"

"I don't think he knew I was coming."

"He thinks I have not had enough," said Pansy. "But I have. The ladies are very kind to me, and the little girls come to see me. There are some very little ones—such charming children. Then my room—you can see for yourself! All that is very delightful. But I have had enough. Papa wished me to think a little—and I have thought a great deal."

"What have you thought?"

"Well, that I must never displease papa."

"You knew that before."

"Yes; but I know it better. I will do anything—I will do anything," said Pansy. Then, as she heard her own words, a deep, pure blush came into her face. Isabel read the meaning of it; she saw that the poor girl had been vanquished. It was well that Mr. Edward Rosier had kept his enamels! Isabel looked into her eyes

and saw there mainly a prayer to be treated easily. She laid her hand on Pansy's, as if to let her know that her look conveyed no diminution of esteem; for the collapse of the child's momentary resistance (mute and modest though it had been), seemed only her tribute to the truth of things. She didn't presume to judge others, but she had judged herself; she had seen the reality. She had no vocation for struggling with combinations; in the solemnity of sequestration there was something that overwhelmed her. She bowed her pretty head to authority, and only asked of authority to be merciful. Yes; it was very well that Edward Rosier had reserved a few articles!

Isabel got up; her time was rapidly shortening.

"Good-bye, then," she said; "I leave Rome to-night."

Pansy took hold of her dress; there was a sudden change in the girl's face.

"You look strange; you frighten me."

"Oh, I am very harmless," said Isabel.

"Perhaps you won't come back?"

"Perhaps not. I can't tell."

"Ah, Mrs. Osmond, you won't leave me!"

Isabel now saw that she had guessed everything.

"My dear child, what can I do for you?" she asked.

"I don't know—but I am happier when I think of you."

"You can always think of me."

"Not when you are so far away. I am a little afraid," said Pansy.

"What are you afraid of?"

"Of papa—a little. And of Madame Merle. She has just been to see me."

"You must not say that," Isabel observed.

"Oh, I will do everything they want. Only if you are here I shall do it more easily."

Isabel reflected a little.

"I won't desert you," she said at last. "Good-bye, my child."

Then they held each other a moment in a silent embrace, like two sisters; and afterwards Pansy walked along the corridor with her visitor to the top of the staircase.

"Madame Merle has been here," Pansy remarked as they went; and as Isabel answered nothing she added, abruptly, "I don't like Madame Merle!"

Isabel hesitated a moment; then she stopped.

"You must never say that—that you don't like Madame Merle."

Pansy looked at her in wonder; but wonder with Pansy had never been a reason for non-compliance.

"I never will again," she said, with exquisite gentleness.

At the top of the staircase they had to separate, as it appeared to be part of the mild but very definite discipline under which Pansy lived that she should not go down. Isabel descended, and when she reached the bottom the girl was standing above.

"You will come back?" she called out in a voice that Isabel remembered afterwards.

"Yes—I will come back."

Madame Catherine met Isabel below, and conducted her to the door of the parlour, outside of which the two stood talking a minute.

"I won't go in," said the good sister. "Madame Merle is waiting for you."

At this announcement Isabel gave a start, and she was on the point of asking if there were no other egress from the convent. But a moment's reflection assured her that she would do well not to betray to the worthy nun her desire to avoid Pansy's other visitor. Her companion laid her hand very gently on her arm, and fixing her a moment with a wise, benevolent eye, said to her, speaking French, almost familiarly—

"*Eh bien, chère Madame, qu'en pensez-vous?*"

"About my step-daughter? Oh, it would take long to tell you."

"We think it's enough," said

Madame Catherine, significantly. And she pushed open the door of the parlour.

Madame Merle was sitting just as Isabel had left her, like a woman so absorbed in thought that she had not moved a little-finger. As Madame Catherine closed the door behind Isabel, she got up, and Isabel saw that she had been thinking to some purpose. She had recovered her balance; she was in full possession of her resources.

"I found that I wished to wait for you," she said, urbanely. "But it's not to talk about Pansy."

Isabel wondered what it could be to talk about, and in spite of Madame Merle's declaration she answered after a moment—

"Madame Catherine says it's enough."

"Yes; it also seems to me enough. I wanted to ask you another word about poor Mr. Touchett," Madame Merle added. "Have you reason to believe that he is really at his last?"

"I have no information but that of a telegram. Unfortunately it only confirms a probability."

"I am going to ask you a strange question," said Madame Merle. "Are you very fond of your cousin?" And she gave a smile as strange as her question.

"Yes, I am very fond of him. But I don't understand you."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment.

"It is difficult to explain. Something has occurred to me which may not have occurred to you, and I give you the benefit of my idea. Your cousin did you once a great service. Have you never guessed it?"

"He has done me many services."

"Yes; but one was much above the rest. He made you a rich woman."

"He made me——?"

Madame Merle appeared to see herself successful, and she went on, more triumphantly—

"He imparted to you that extra lustre which was required to make you a brilliant match. At bottom, it is him that you have to thank." She stopped; there was something in Isabel's eyes.

"I don't understand you. It was my uncle's money."

"Yes; it was your uncle's money; but it was your cousin's idea. He brought his father over to it. Ah, my dear, the sum was large!"

Isabel stood staring; she seemed to-day to be living in a world illumined by lurid flashes.

"I don't know why you say such things! I don't know what you know."

"I know nothing but what I have guessed. But I have guessed that!"

Isabel went to the door, and when she had opened it stood a moment with her hand on the latch. Then she said—it was her only revenge—

"I believed it was you I had to thank!"

Madame Merle dropped her eyes; she stood there in a kind of proud penance.

"You are very unhappy, I know. But I am more so."

"Yes; I can believe that. I think I should like never to see you again."

Madame Merle raised her eyes.

"I shall go to America," she announced, while Isabel passed out.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE GEYSIRS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

THE traveller by railway across the American continent, after traversing several hundred miles of barren plain and sandy desert, finds at last that the line begins sensibly to descend. The panting engine moves along with increasing ease and diminished noise as it enters a long valley that leads out of the western plains, sweeping by the base of high cliffs, past the mouths of narrow lateral valleys, crossing and recrossing the water-courses by slim creaking bridges; now in a deep cutting, now in a short tunnel, it brings picturesque glimpses into view in such quick succession as almost to weary the eye that tries to scan them as they pass. After the dusty monotonous prairie, to see and hear the rush of roaring rivers, to catch sight of waterfalls, leaping down the crags, scattered pine-trees crowning the heights, and green meadows carpeting the valleys, to find, too, that every mile brings you further into a region of cultivated fields and cheerful homesteads, is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. The Mormons have given a look of long-settled comfort to these valleys. Fields, orchards, and hedgerows, with neat farm buildings and gardens full of flowers, remind one of bits of the old country rather than of the bare, flowerless settlements in the West. But the sight of a group of Chinamen here and there at work on the line dispels the momentary illusion.

Winding rapidly down a succession of gorges or cañons (for every valley in the West seems to be known as a cañon), the traveller finds at last that he has entered the "Great Basin" of North America, and has arrived near the margin of the Great Salt Lake. Looking back, he perceives that the route by which he has come is one of many transverse valleys, hollowed out

of the flanks of the noble range of the Wahsatch Mountains. This range serves at once as the western boundary of the plateau country and as the eastern rim of the Great Basin, into which it plunges as a colossal rampart from an average height of some 4,000 feet above the plain, though some of its isolated summits rise to more than twice that altitude. From the base of this great mountain-wall the country stretches westward as a vast desert plain, in a slight depression of which lies the Great Salt Lake. By industriously making use of the drainage from their mountain barrier, the Mormons have converted the strip of land between the base of the heights and the edge of the water into fertile fields and well-kept gardens.

Everybody knows that the Great Basin has no outlet to the ocean; yet nobody can see the scene with his own eyes and refuse to admit the sense of strange novelty with which it fills his mind. One's first desire is naturally to get to the lake. From a distance it looks blue enough, and not different from other sheets of water. But on a nearer view its shore is seen to be a level plain of salt-crusted mud. So gently does this plain slip under the water that the actual margin of the lake is not very sharply drawn. The water has a heavy, motionless, lifeless aspect, and is practically destitute of living creatures of every kind. Fish are found in the rivers leading into the lake, but into the lake itself they never venture. Nor did we see any of the abundant bird-life that would have been visible on a fresh-water lake of such dimensions. There was a stillness in the air and on the water befitting the strange desert aspect of the scenery.

After looking at the water for a

little, the next step was of course to get into it. The Mormons and Gentiles of Salt Lake City make good use of their lake for bathing purposes. At convenient points they have thrown out wooden piers, provided with dressing-rooms and hot-water apparatus. Betaking ourselves to one of these erections, my companion and I were soon fitted out in bathing costumes of approved pattern, and descending into the lake, at once realised the heaviness of the water. In walking, the leg that is lifted off the bottom seems somehow bent on rising to the surface, and some exertion is needed to force it down again to the mud below. One suddenly feels top-heavy, and seems to need special care not to turn feet uppermost. The extreme shallowness of the lake is also soon noticed. We found ourselves at first barely over the knees; so we proceeded to march into the lake. After a long journey, so long that it seemed we ought to be almost out of sight of the shore, we were scarcely up to the waist. At its deepest part the lake is not more than about fifty feet in depth. Yet it measures eighty miles in length, by about thirty-two miles in extreme breadth. We made some experiments in flotation, but always with the uncomfortable feeling that our bodies were not properly ballasted for such water, and that we might roll over or turn round head downmost at any moment. It is quite possible to float in a sitting posture with the hands brought round the knees. As one of the risks of these experiments, moreover, the water would now and then get into our eyes, or find out any half-healed wound which the blazing sun of the previous weeks had inflicted upon our faces. So rapid is the evaporation in the dry air of this region that the skin after being wetted is almost immediately crusted with salt. I noticed, too, that the wooden steps leading up to the pier were hung with slender stalactites of salt from the drip of the bathers. After being pickled in this fashion we had the luxury of washing the salt

crust off with the *douche* of hot-water wherewith every dressing-room is provided.

It was strange to reflect that the varied beauty of the valleys in the neighbouring mountains, with their meadows, clumps of cottonwood trees, and rushing streams, should lead into this lifeless stagnant sea. One could not contemplate the scene without a strong interest in the history of the Great Salt Lake. The details of this history have been admirably worked out by Mr. G. K. Gilbert. Theoretically, we infer that the salt lakes of continental basins were at first fresh, and have become salt by the secular evaporation of their waters, and consequent concentration of the salt washed by them out of their various drainage basins. But in the case of the Great Salt Lake, the successive stages of this long process have been actually traced in the records left behind on the surface of the ground. At present the amount of water poured into the lake nearly balances the amount lost by evaporation, so that on the whole the level of the lake is maintained. There are, however, oscillations of level, dependent, no doubt, upon variations of rainfall. When the lake was surveyed by the Fortieth Parallel Survey in 1872, its surface was found to be eleven feet higher than it was in 1866. During the last few years, on the other hand, the lake has been diminishing. The Mormons have had to build additions to the ends of their bathing piers, from which the water had receded. There has been considerable anxiety too at Salt Lake City on the subject of the diminished rainfall, which has seriously affected the supply of water for irrigation and other purposes.

That the aspect of this part at least of the Great Basin was formerly widely different is conclusively proved by some singular features, which are among the first to attract the notice even of the non-scientific traveller as he journeys round the borders of the lake. Along the flanks of the

surrounding mountains there runs a group of parallel level lines, so level indeed that when first seen they suggest some extensive system of carefully engineered water-ways. On a far larger scale they are the equivalents of our well-known Parallel Roads of Glen Roy. Mile after mile they can be followed, winding in and out along the mountain declivities, here and there expanding where a streamlet has pushed out a cone of detritus, and again narrowing to hardly perceptible selvages along steeper rocky faces, but always keeping their horizontality and their proper distance from each other. That these terraces are former shore-lines of the lake admits of no doubt. The highest of them is 940 feet above the present surface of the lake, which is 4,250 feet above the sea. Hence when the lake stood at the line of that terrace, its surface was 5,190 feet above sea-level. Now it has been found that the highest terrace corresponds with a gap in the rim of the basin, lying considerably to the north of the existing margin of the lake. Consequently, when the lake stood at its highest level, it had an outlet northwards into the Snake River, draining into the Pacific Ocean, and must thus have been fresh. Moreover, search in the deposits of the highest terrace has brought to light convincing proof of the freshness of the water at that time, for numerous shells have been found belonging to lacustrine species. At its greatest development the lake must have been vastly larger than now—a huge inland sea of fresh water lying on the western side of the continent, and quite comparable with some of the great lakes on the eastern side. It measured about 300 miles from north to south, and 180 miles in extreme width from east to west. Into this great reservoir of fresh water, fishes from the tributary rivers no doubt freely entered, so that on the whole a community of species would be established throughout the basin. But when, owing to diminution of the rainfall, the lake no

longer possessed an outlet, and in the course of ages grew gradually salt, it became unfit for the support of life. Ever since this degree of salinity was reached the rivers have been cut off from any communication with each other. These are precisely the conditions which the naturalist most desires in tracing the progress of change in animal forms. During a period which, in a geological sense, is comparatively short, but which, measured by years, must be of long duration, each river-basin has been an isolated area, with its own peculiarities of rock-structure, slope, vegetation, character of water, food, and other conditions of environment that tell so powerfully on the evolution of organic types. A beginning has been made in working out the natural history of these basins; but much patient labour will be needed before the story can be adequately told. There are probably few areas in the world which offer to the student of evolution so promising a field of research.

In the course of my brief sojourn in the region, I made an observation of some interest in regard to the history of the former wide enlargement of the Great Salt Lake. The Wahsatch Mountains, which rise so picturesquely above the narrow belt of Mormon cultivation between their base and the edge of the water, have their higher parts more or less covered, or at least streaked, with snow, even in midsummer, though at the time of my visit, by reason of the great heat, and, I suppose, in part also, of a diminished snowfall, the snow had almost entirely disappeared. But any cause which could lower the mean summer temperature a few degrees would keep a permanent snow-cap on the summits, and a little further decrease would send glaciers down the valleys. That glaciers formerly did descend from the central masses of the Wahsatch range is put beyond question by the scored and polished rocks, and the huge piles of moraine detritus which they have left behind them. These phenomena

have been well described by the geologists of the Fortieth Parallel Survey, and I could fully confirm their observations. But I further noticed at the Little Cottonwood Cañon that the moraines descend to the edge of the highest terrace, and that the glacial rubbish forms part of the alluvial deposits there. Hence we may infer that at the time of the greatest extension of the lake the Wahsatch Mountains were a range of snowy alps, from which glaciers descended to the edge of the water. Salt Lake City, being nearly on the same parallel of latitude with Naples, the change to the former topography would be somewhat as if a loftier range of glacier-bearing Apennines were to rise in the south of Europe.

One leading object of our journey was to see the wonders of the Yellowstone—that region of geysirs, mud volcanoes, hot springs and sinter-beds, which the United States Congress, with wise forethought, has set apart from settlement and reserved for the instruction of the people. In a few years this part of the continent will no doubt be readily accessible by rail and coach. At the time of our visit it was still difficult of approach. We heard on the way the most ominous tales of Indian atrocities committed only a year or two before, and were warned to be prepared for something of the kind in our turn. So it was with a little misgiving as to the prudence of the undertaking that we struck off from the line of the Union Pacific Railway at Ogden and turned our faces to the north. Ogden is the centre at which the railway from Salt Lake City and that from Northern Utah and Idaho join the main trans-continental line. The first part of the journey passed pleasantly enough. The track is a very narrow one, and the carriages are proportionately small. We started in the evening, and sitting at the end of the last car, enjoyed the glories of a sunset over the Great Salt Lake. Next day about noon brought us to the end of the railway in the midst of a desert of black basalt and

loose sand, with a tornado blowing the hot desert dust in blinding clouds through the air. It was the oddest "terminus" conceivable, consisting of about a score of wooden booths stuck down at random, with rows of freight waggons mixed up among them, and a miscellaneous population of a thoroughly Western kind. In a fortnight afterwards the railway would be opened some fifty miles further north, and the whole town and its inhabitants would then move to the new terminus. Some weeks afterwards, indeed, we returned by rail over the same track, and the only traces of our mushroom town were the tin biscuit-boxes, preserved-meat cans, and other *débris* scattered about on the desert and too heavy for the wind to disperse.

With this cessation of the railway all comfort in travelling utterly disappeared. A "stage," loaded inside and outside with packages, but supposed to be capable of carrying eight passengers besides, was now to be our mode of conveyance over the bare, burning, treeless, and roadless desert. The recollection of those two days and nights stands out as a kind of nightmare. I gladly omit further reference to them. There should have been a third day and night, but by what proved a fortunate accident we escaped this prolongation of the horror. Reaching Virginia City (!), a collection of miserable wooden houses, many of them deserted—for the gold of the valley is exhausted, though many Chinese are there working over the old refuse heaps—we learnt that we were too late for the stage to Boseman. Meeting, however, a resident from Boseman as anxious to be there as ourselves, we secured a carriage, and were soon again in motion. By one of the rapid meteorological changes not infrequent at such altitudes, the weather, which had before been warm, and sometimes even hot, now became for a day or two disagreeably chilly. As we crossed a ridge into the valley of the Madison River, snow fell, and the mountain crests had their first

whitening for the season as we caught sight of them, peak beyond peak, far up into the southern horizon. Night had fallen when we crossed the Madison River below its last cañon, and further progress became impossible. There was a "ranch," or cattle-farm, not far off, where our companion had slept before, and where he proposed that we should demand quarters for the night. A good-natured welcome reconciled us to rough fare and hard beds.

On the afternoon of the third day we at length reached Boseman, the last collection of houses between us and the Yellowstone. A few miles beyond it stands Fort Ellis, a post of the United States army, built to command an important pass from the territory to the east still haunted by Indians. Through the kind thoughtfulness of my friend Dr. Hayden, I had been provided with letters of introduction from the authorities at Washington to the commandants of posts in the West. I found my arrival expected at Fort Ellis, and the quartermaster happened himself to have come down to Boseman. Before the end of the afternoon we were once more in comfort under his friendly roof. And here I am reminded of an incident at Boseman which brought out one of the characteristics of travel in America, and particularly in the West. It may be supposed that after so long and so dusty a journey our boots were not without the need of being blacked. Having had luncheon at the hotel, I inquired of the waiter where I should go to get this done. He directed me to the clerk in the office. On making my request to this formidable personage, seated at his ledger, he quietly remarked, without raising his eyes off his pen, that he guessed I could find the materials in the corner. And there, true enough, were blacking-pot and brush, with which every guest might essay to polish his boots or not, as he pleased. In journeying westward we had sometimes seen a placard stuck up in the bedrooms of the hotels to the effect

that ladies and gentlemen putting their boots outside their doors must be understood to do so at their own risk. In the larger hotels a shoe-black is one of the recognised functionaries, with his room and chair of state for those who think it needful to employ him.

Of Fort Ellis and the officers' mess there, we shall ever keep the pleasantest memories. No Indians had now to be kept in order. There was indeed nothing to do at the Fort save the daily routine of military duty. A very small incident in such circumstances is enough to furnish amusement and conversation for an evening. We made an excursion into the hills to the south, and had the satisfaction of starting a black bear from a cover of thick herbage almost below our feet. Not one of the party happened to have brought a rifle, and the animal was rapidly out of reach of our revolvers, as he raced up the steep side of the valley, and took refuge among the crags and caves of limestone at the top.

Being assured that the Yellowstone country was perfectly safe, that we should probably see no Indians at all, and that any who might cross our path belonged to friendly tribes, and being further anxious to avoid having to return and repeat that dismal stage journey, we arranged to travel through the "Yellowstone Park," as it is termed, and through the mountains encircling the head-waters of the Snake River, so as to strike the railway not far from where we had left it. This involved a ride of somewhere about 300 miles through a mountainous region still in its aboriginal loneliness. By the care of Lieutenant Alison, the quartermaster of the Fort, and the liberality of the army authorities, we were furnished with horses and a pack-train of mules, under an escort of two men, one of whom, Jack Bean by name, had for many years lived among the wilds through which we were to pass, as trapper and miner by turns; the other, a soldier in the cavalry detach-

ment at the Fort, went by the name of "Andy," and acted as cook and leader of the mules. The smaller the party, the quicker could we get through the mountains, and as rapidity of movement was necessary, we gladly availed ourselves of the quartermaster's arrangements. Provisions were taken in quantity sufficient for the expedition, but it was expected we should be able to add to our larder an occasional haunch of antelope or elk, which in good time we did. So, full of expectation, we bade adieu, not without regret, to our friends at Fort Ellis, and set out upon our quest.

The reader may be reminded here that the Yellowstone River has its head-waters close to the watershed of the continent, among the mountains which, branching out in different directions, include the ranges of the Wind River, Owl Creek, Shoshonee, the Tetons, and other groups that have hardly yet received names. Its course at first is nearly north, passing out of the lake where its upper tributaries collect their drainage, through a series of remarkable cañons till about the latitude of Fort Ellis, after which it bends round to the eastward, and eventually falls into the Missouri. We struck the river just above its lowest cañon in Montana. It is there already a noble stream, winding through a broad alluvial valley, flanked with hills on either side, those on the right or east bank towering up into one of the noblest ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Here, as well as on the Madison, we met with illustrations on a magnificent scale of the general law of valley structure, that every gorge formed by the convergence of the hills on either side has an expansion of the valley into a lake-like plain on its upper side. For several hours we rode along this plain among mounds of detritus, grouped in that crescent-shaped arrangement so characteristic of glacier-moraines. Large blocks of crystalline rock, quite unlike the volcanic masses along which we were travelling, lay tossed about

among the mounds. One mass in particular, lying far off in the middle of the valley, looked at first like a solitary cottage. Crossing to it, however, we found it to be only a huge erratic of the usual granitoid gneiss. There could be no doubt about the massiveness of the glaciers that once filled up the valley of the Yellowstone. The moraine mounds extend across the plain and mount the bases of the hills on either side. The glacier which shed them must consequently have been here a mile or more in breadth. All the way up the valley we were on the outlook for evidence as to the thickness of the ice, which might be revealed by the height at which either transported blocks had been stranded, or a polished and striated surface had been left upon the rocks of the valley. We were fortunate in meeting with evidence of both kinds.

I shall not soon forget my astonishment on entering the second cañon. We had made our first camp some way further down, and before striking the tent in the morning had mounted the hills on the left side and observed how the detritus (glacial detritus, as we believed it to be) had been rearranged and spread out into terraces, either by the river when at a much higher level than that at which it now flows, or by a lake which evidently once filled up the broad expansion of the valley between the two lowest cañons. We were prepared, therefore, for the discovery of still more striking proof of the power and magnitude of the old glaciers, but never anticipated that so gigantic and perfect a piece of ice-work as the second cañon was in store for us. From a narrow gorge, the aides of which rise to heights of 1,000 feet or more, the river darts out into the plain which we had been traversing. The rocky sides of this ravine are smoothly polished and striated from the bottom up apparently to the top. Some of the detached knobs of schist rising out of the plain at the mouth of the cañon were as fresh in their ice-polish as if the

glacier had only recently retired from them. The scene reminded me more of the valley of the Aar above the Grimsel than of any other European glacier-ground. As we rode up the gorge with here and there just room to pass between the rushing river and the rocky declivity, we could trace the ice-worn bosses of schist far up the heights till they lost themselves among the pines. The frosts of winter are slowly effacing the surfaces sculptured by the vanished glacier. Huge angular blocks are from time to time detached from the crags and join the piles of detritus at the bottom. But where the ice-polished surfaces are not much traversed with joints they have a marvellous power of endurance. Hence they may have utterly disappeared from one part of a rock-face and remain perfectly preserved on another adjoining part. There could be no doubt now that the Yellowstone glacier was massive enough to fill up the second cañon to the brim, that is to say, it must have been there at least 800 or 1,000 feet thick. But in the course of our ascent we obtained proof that the thickness was even greater than this, for we found that the ice had perched blocks of granite and gneiss on the sides of the volcanic hills not less than 1,600 feet above the present plain of the river, and that it not merely filled up the main valley, but actually over-rode the bounding hills so as to pass into some of the adjacent valleys. That glaciers once nestled in these mountains might have been readily anticipated, but it was important to be able to demonstrate their former existence, and to show that they attained such a magnitude.

The glaciers, however, were after all an unexpected or incidental kind of game. We were really on the trail of volcanic productions, and devoted most of our time to the hunt after them. The valley of the Yellowstone is of high antiquity. It has been excavated partly out of ancient crystalline rocks, partly out of later stratified forma-

tions, and partly out of masses of lava that have been erupted during a long succession of ages. Here and there it has been invaded by streams of basalt, which have subsequently been laboriously cut through by the river. In the whole course of our journey through the volcanic region we found that the oldest lavas were trachytes and their allies, while the youngest were as invariably basalts, the interval between the eruption of the two kinds having sometimes been long enough to permit the older rocks to be excavated into gorges before the emission of the more recent. Even the youngest, however, must have been poured out a long while ago, for they, too, have been deeply trenched by the slow erosive power of running water. But the volcanic fires are not yet wholly extinguished in the region. No lava, indeed, is now emitted, but there are plentiful proofs of the great heat that still exists but a short way below the surface.

Quitting the moraine mounds of the Yellowstone Valley, which above the second cañon become still more abundant and perfect, we ascended the tributary known as Gardiner's River, and camped in view of the hot springs. The first glimpse of this singular scene, caught from the crest of a dividing ridge, recalls the termination of a glacier. A mass of snowy whiteness protrudes from a lateral pine-clad valley, and presents a steep front to the narrow plain at its base. The contrast between it and the sombre hue of the pines all round heightens the resemblance of its form and aspect to a mass of ice. It is all solid rock, however, deposited by the hot water, which, issuing from innumerable openings down the valley, has in course of time filled it up with this white sinter. Columns of steam rising from the mass bore witness, even at a distance, to the nature of the locality. We wandered over this singular accumulation, each of us searching for a pool cool enough to be used as a bath. I found one where the water, after quitting its

conduit, made a circuit round a basin of sinter, and in so doing cooled down sufficiently to let one sit in it. The top of the mound, and indeed those parts of the deposit generally from which the water has retreated and which are therefore dry and exposed to the weather, are apt to crack into thin shells or to crumble into white powder. But along the steep front, from which most of the springs escape, the water collects into basins at many different levels. Each of these basins has the most exquisitely fretted rim. It is at their margins that evaporation proceeds most vigorously and deposition takes place most rapidly, hence the rim is being constantly added to. The colours of these wavy, frill-like borders are sometimes remarkably vivid. The sinter, where moist or fresh, has a delicate pink or salmon-coloured hue that deepens along the edge of each basin into rich yellows, browns, and reds. Where the water has trickled over the steep front from basin to basin, the sinter has assumed smooth curved forms like the sweep of unbroken waterfalls. At many points indeed, as one scrambles along that front, the idea of a series of frozen waterfalls rises in the mind. There are no eruptive springs or geysirs at this locality now, though a large pillar of sinter on the plain below probably marks the site of one. Jack assured us that even since the time he had first been up here, some ten years before, the water had perceptibly diminished.

The contrast between the heat below and the cold above ground at nights was sometimes very great. We used to rise about daybreak and repair to the nearest brook or river for ablution. Sometimes a crust of ice would be found on the pools. One night indeed the thermometer fell to 19°, and my sponge, lying in its bag inside our tent, was solidly frozen so that I could have broken it with my hammer. The camping ground, selected where wood, water, and forage for the animals could be had together, was usually

reached by about three o'clock in the afternoon, so that we had still several hours of daylight for sketching, or any exploration which the locality seemed to invite. About sunset Andy's fire had cooked our dinner, which we set out on the wooden box that held our cooking implements. Then came the camp-fire stories, of which our companions had a sufficient supply. Andy, in particular, would never be outdone. Nothing marvellous was told that he could not instantly cap with something more wonderful still that had happened in his own experience. What distances he had ridden! What hair-breadth escapes from Indians he had gone through! What marvels of nature he had seen! And all the while, as the tales went round and the fire burnt low or was wakened into fiercer blaze by piles of pine logs hewn down by Jack's diligent axe, the stars were coming out in the sky overhead. Such a canopy to sleep under! Wrapping myself round in my travelling cloak, I used to lie apart for a while, gazing up at that sky, so clear, so sparkling, so utterly and almost incredibly different from the bleared, cloudy expanse we must usually be content with at home. Every familiar constellation had a brilliancy we never see through our moisture-laden atmosphere. It seemed to swim overhead, while behind and beyond it the heavens were aglow with stars that are hardly ever visible here at all. These quiet half-hours with the quiet stars, amid the silence of the primeval forest, are among the most delightful recollections of the journey.

Our mules were a constant source of amusement to us and of execration to Jack and Andy. Andy led the party, with his loaded rifle slung in front of his saddle ready for any service. After him came the string of mules with their packs, followed by Jack, who, with volleys of abuse and frequent applications of a leathern saddle-strap, endeavoured to keep up their pace and preserve them in line. My friend and I varied our position,

sometimes riding on ahead and having the pleasure of first starting any game that might be in our way, more frequently lingering behind to enjoy quietly some of the delicious glades in the forest. But we could never get far out of hearing of the whack of Jack's belt or the fierce whoop with which he would ever and anon charge the rearmost mules and send them scampering on till every spoon, knife, and tin can in the boxes rattled and jingled. The proper packing of a mule is an art that requires considerable skill and practice, and Jack was a thorough master of the craft. After breakfast he used to collect the animals, while Andy made up the packs, and the two together proceeded to the packing. Such tugging and pulling and kicking on the part of men and mules! The quadrupeds, however, whatever their feelings might be, gave no vent to them. But the men found relief in such fusillades of swearing as I had never before heard or even imagined. I ventured one morning to ask whether the oaths were a help to them in the packing. Jack assured me that if I had them mules to pack he'd give me two days, and at the end of that he'd bet I'd swear myself worse than any of them. Another morning Andy was hanging his coat on a branch projecting near the camp fire. The coat, however, fell off the branch, and was, as a matter of course, greeted by its owner with an execration. It was put up again, and again slipped down. This was repeated two or three times, and each time the language was getting fiercer and louder. At last, when the operation was successfully completed, I asked him of what use all the swearing at the coat had been. "Wall, boss," rejoined he triumphantly, "don't ye see the darned thing's stuck up now?" This I felt was, under the circumstances, an unanswerable argument. Western teamsters are renowned for their powers of continuous execration. I myself heard one swear uninterruptedly for about ten minutes at a man who was not

present, but who it seemed was doomed to the most horrible destruction, body and soul, as soon as this bloodthirsty ruffian caught sight of him again, either in this world or the next.

/ From Gardiner's River we made a *détour* over a long ridge dotted with ice-borne blocks of granite and gneiss, and crossed the shoulder of Mount Washburne by a col 8,867 feet above the sea, descending once more to the Yellowstone River at the head of the Grand Cañon. The whole of this region consists of volcanic rocks, chiefly trachytes, rhyolites, obsidians, and tuffs. We chose as our camping ground a knoll under a clump of tall pines, with a streamlet of fresh water flowing below it in haste to join the main river, which, though out of sight, was audible in the hoarse thunder of its falls. Impatient to see this ravine, of whose marvels we had heard much, we left the mules rolling on the ground and our packers getting the camp into shape, and struck through the forest in the direction of the roar. Unprepared for anything so vast, we emerged from the last fringe of the woods and stood on the brink of the great chasm, silent with amazement.

The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is a ravine from 1,000 to 1,500 feet deep. Where its shelving sides meet at the bottom, there is little more than room for the river to flow between them, but it widens irregularly upwards. It has been excavated out of a series of volcanic rocks by the flow of the river itself. The waterfalls, of which there are here two, have crept backward, gradually eating their way out of the lavas and leaving below them the ravine of the Grand Cañon. The weather has acted on the sides of the gorge, scarping some parts into precipitous crags, and scooping others back, so that each side presents a series of projecting bastions and semi-circular sloping recesses. The dark forests of pine that fill the valley above sweep down to the very brink of the gorge on both sides. Such is the general plan of the place; but it

is hardly possible to convey in words a picture of the impressive grandeur of the scene.

We spent a long day sketching and wandering by the side of the cañon. Scrambling to the edge of one of the bastions and looking down, we could see the river far below, dwarfed to a mere silver thread. From this abyss the crags and slopes towered up in endless variety of form, and with the weirdest mingling of colours. Much of the rock, especially of the more crumbling slopes, was of a pale sulphur yellow. Through this ground-work harder masses of dull scarlet, merging into purple and crimson, rose into craggy knobs and pinnacles, or shot up in sheer vertical walls. In the sunlight of the morning the place is a blaze of strange colour, such as one can hardly see anywhere save in the crater of an active volcano. But as the day wanes, the shades of evening sinking gently into the depths blend their livid tints into a strange mysterious gloom, through which one can still see the white gleam of the rushing river and hear the distant murmur of its flow. Now is the time to see the full majesty of the cañon. Perched on an outstanding crag one can look down the ravine and mark headland behind headland mounting out of the gathering shadows and catching up on their scarred fronts of yellow and red the mellower tints of the sinking sun. And above all lie the dark folds of pine sweeping along the crests of the precipices, which they crown with a rim of sombre green. There are gorges of far more imposing magnitude in the Colorado Basin, but for dimensions large enough to be profoundly striking, yet not too vast to be taken in by the eye at once, for infinite changes of picturesque detail, and for brilliancy and endless variety of colouring, there are probably few scenes in the world more impressive than the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. Such at least were the feelings with which we reluctantly left it to resume our journey.

The next goal for which we made was the Geysir Basin of the Firehole River—a ride of two days, chiefly through forest, but partly over bare volcanic hills. Some portions of this ride led into open park-like glades in the forest, where it seemed as if no human foot had ever preceded us; not a trail of any kind was to be seen. Here and there, however, we noticed footprints of bears, and some of the trees had their bark plentifully scratched, at a height of three or four feet from the ground, where, as Jack said, "the bears had been sharpening their claws." Deer of different kinds were not uncommon, and we shot enough to supply our diminishing larder. Now and then we came upon a skunk or a badger, and at night we could hear the mingled bark and howl of the wolves. Andy's rifle was always ready, and he blazed away at everything. As he rode at the head of the party the first intimation those behind had of any game afoot was the crack of his rifle, followed by the immediate stampede of the mules, and a round of execration from Jack. I do not remember that he ever shot anything save one wild duck, which immediately sank, or at least could not be found.

Reaching at length the Upper Geysir Basin, we camped by the river in the only group of trees in the immediate neighbourhood that had not been invaded by the sheets of white sinter which spread out all round on both sides of the river. There were hot springs, and spouting geysirs, and steaming cauldrons of boiling water in every direction. We had passed many openings by the way whence steam issued. In fact in some parts of the route we seemed to be riding over a mere crust between the air above and a huge boiling vat below. At one place the hind foot of one of the horses went through this crust, and a day or two afterwards, re-passing the spot, we saw it steaming. But we had come upon no actual eruptive geysir. In this basin, how-

ever, there is one geyser which, ever since the discovery of the region some ten years ago, has been remarkably regular in its action. It has an eruption once every hour or a few minutes more. The kindly name of "Old Faithful" has accordingly been bestowed upon it. We at once betook ourselves to this vent. It stands upon a low mound of sinter, which, seen from a little distance, looks as if built up of successive sheets piled one upon another. The stratified appearance, however, is due to the same tendency to form basins so marked at the Hot Springs on Gardiner's River. These basins are bordered with the same banded, brightly coloured rims which, running in level lines, give the stratified look to the mound. On the top the sinter has gathered into huge dome-shaped or coral-like lumps, among which lies the vent of the geyser—a hole not more than a couple of feet or so in diameter—whence steam constantly issues. When we arrived a considerable agitation was perceptible. The water was surging up and down a short distance below, and when we could not see it for the cloud of vapour its gurgling noise remained distinctly audible. We had not long to wait before the water began to be jerked out in occasional spurts. Then suddenly, with a tremendous roar, a column of mingled water and steam rushed up for 120 feet into the air, falling in a torrent over the mound, the surface of which now streamed with water, while its strange volcanic colours glowed vividly in the sunlight. A copious stream of still steaming water rushed off by the nearest channels to the river. The whole eruption did not last longer than about five minutes, after which the water sank in the funnel, and the same restless gurgitation was resumed. Again at the usual interval another eructation of the same kind and intensity took place.

Though the most frequent and regular in its movements, "Old Faithful" is by no means the most imposing

of the geysers either in the volume of its discharge or in the height to which it erupts. The "Giant" and "Beehive" both surpass it, but are fitful in their action, intervals of several days occurring between successive explosions. Both of them remained tantalisingly quiet, nor could they be provoked, by throwing stones down their throats, to do anything for our amusement. The "Castle Geyser," however, was more accommodating. It presented us with a magnificent eruption. A far larger body of water than at "Old Faithful" was hurled into the air, and continued to rise for more than double the time. It was interesting to watch the rocket-like projectiles of water and steam that shot through and out of the main column, and burst into a shower of drops outside. At intervals, as the energy of discharge oscillated, the column would sink a little, and then would mount up again as high as before, with a hiss and roar that must have been audible all round the geyser basin, while the ground near the geyser perceptibly trembled. I had been sketching close to the spot when the eruption began, and in three minutes the place where I had been sitting was the bed of a rapid torrent of hot water rushing over the sinter floor to the river.

Without wearying the reader with details that possess interest only for geologists, I may be allowed to refer to one part of the structure of these geyser mounds which is not a little curious and puzzling—the want of sympathy between closely adjacent vents. At the summit of a mound the top of the subterranean column of boiling water can be seen about a yard from the surface in a constant state of commotion, while at the base of the mound, at a level thirty or forty feet lower, lie quiet pools of steaming water, some of them with a point of ebullition in their centre. There can be no direct connection between these pipes. Their independence is still more strikingly displayed

at the time of eruption, for while the geyser is spouting high into the air, these surrounding pools go on quietly boiling as before. It is now generally acknowledged that the seat of eruptive energy is in the underground pipe itself, each geyser having its peculiarities of shape, depth, and temperature. But it would appear also that at least above this seat of activity there may be no communication even between contiguous vents on the same geyser mound.

Another interesting feature of the locality is the tendency of each geyser to build up a cylinder of sinter round its vent. A few of these are quite perfect, but in most cases they are more or less broken down as if they had been blown out by occasional explosions of exceptional severity. Usually there is only one cylindrical excrescence on a sinter mound; but in some cases several may be seen with their bases almost touching each other. As the force of the geyser diminishes and its eruptions become less frequent the funnel seems to get choked up with sinter, until in the end the hollow cylinder becomes a more or less solid pillar. Numerous eminences of this kind are to be seen throughout the region. Their surfaces are white and crumbling. They look, in fact, so like pillars of salt that one could not help thinking of Lot's wife, and wondering whether such geyser columns could ever have existed on the plains of Sodom. In a rainless climate they might last a long time. But the sinter here, as at Gardiner's River, when no longer growing by fresh deposits from the escaping water, breaks up into thin plates. Those parts of the basin where this disintegration is in progress look as if they had been strewn with pounded oyster-shells.

That the position of the vents slowly changes is indicated on the one hand by the way in which trees are spreading from the surrounding forest over the crumbling floor of sinter, and on the other by the number of dead or

dying trunks which here and there rise out of the sinter. The volcanic energy is undoubtedly dying out. Yet it remains still vigorous enough to impress the mind with a sense of the potency of subterranean heat. From the upper end of the basin the eye ranges round a wide area of bare sinter plains and mounds, with dozens of columns of steam rising on all sides; while even from among the woods beyond an occasional puff of white vapour reveals the presence of active vents in the neighbouring valley. A prodigious mass of sinter has, in the course of ages, been laid down, and the form of the ground has been thereby materially changed. We made some short excursions into the forest, and as far as we penetrated the same floor of sinter was everywhere traceable. Here and there a long extinct geyser mound was nearly concealed under a covering of vegetation, so that it resembled a gigantic ant-hill; or a few steaming holes about its sides or summit would bring before us some of the latest stages in geyser history.

One of the most singular sights of this interesting region are the mud volcanoes, or mud geysers. We visited one of the best of them, to which Jack gave the name of "the Devil's Paint-pot." It lies near the margin of the Lower Geyser basin. We approached it from below, surmounting by the way a series of sinter mounds dotted with numerous vents filled with boiling water. It may be described as a huge vat of boiling and variously coloured mud, about thirty yards in diameter. At one side the ebullition was violent, and the greyish-white mud danced up into spurts that were jerked a foot or two into the air. At the other side, however, the movement was much less vigorous. The mud there rose slowly into blister-like expansions, a foot or more in diameter, which gradually swelled up till they burst, and a little of the mud with some steam was tossed up, after which the bubble sank down and disappeared.

But nearer the edge on this pasty side of the cauldron the mud appeared to become more viscous, as well as more brightly coloured green and red, so that the blisters when formed remained, and were even enlarged by expansion from within, and the ejection of more liquid mud over their sides. Each of these little cones was in fact a miniature volcano with its circular crater atop. Many of them were not more than a foot high. Had it been possible to transport one unbroken, we could easily have removed it entire from its platform of hardened mud. It would have been something to boast of, that we had brought home a volcano. But, besides our invincible abhorrence of the vandalism that would in any way disturb these natural productions, in our light marching order, the specimen, even had we been barbarous enough to remove it, would soon have been reduced to the condition to which the jolting of the mules had brought our biscuits—that of fine powder. We remained for hours watching the formation of these little volcanoes, and thinking of Leopold von Buch and the old exploded “crater of elevation” theory. Each of these cones was, nevertheless, undoubtedly a true crater of elevation.

Willingly would we have lingered longer in this weird district. But there still lay a long journey before us ere we again could reach the confines of civilisation; we had therefore to resume the march. The Firehole River, which flows through the Geysir Basins, and whose banks are in many places vaporous heaps of sinter, the very water of the river steaming as it flows along, is the infant Madison River, which we had crossed early in the journey far down below its lowest cañon on our way to Fort Ellis. Our route now lay through its upper cañon, a densely-timbered gorge with picturesque volcanic peaks mounting up here and there on either side far above the pines. Below this defile the valley opens out into a little basin, filled

with forest to the brim, and then, as usual, contracts again towards the opening of the next cañon. We forded the river, and, mounting the ridges on its left side, looked over many square miles of undulating pine-tops,—a vast dark-green sea of foliage stretching almost up to the summits of the far mountains. At last, ascending a short narrow valley full of beaver dams, we reached a low flat, watershed 7,063 feet above the sea, and stood on the “great divide” of the continent. The streams by which we had hitherto been wandering all ultimately find their way into the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico; but the brooks we now encountered were some of the infant tributaries of the Snake or Columbia River, which drains into the Pacific. Making our way across to Henry’s Fork, one of the feeders of the Snake River, we descended its course for a time. It led us now through open moor-like spaces, and then into seemingly impenetrable forest. For some time the sky towards the west had been growing more hazy as we approached, and we now found out the cause. The forest was on fire in several places. At one part of the journey we had just room to pass between the blazing crackling trunks and the edge of the river. For easier passage we forded the stream, and proceeded down its left bank, but found that here and there the fire had crossed even to that side. Most of these forest fires result from the grossest carelessness. Jack was particularly cautious each morning to see that every ember of our camp fire was extinguished, and that by no chance could the dry grass around be kindled, for it might smoulder on and slowly spread for days, until it eventually set the nearest timber in a blaze. We used to soak the ground with water before resuming our march. These forest fires were of course an indication that human beings, either red or white, had been on the ground not long before us. But we did not come on their trail.

One morning, however—it was the last day of this long march—we had been about a couple of hours in the saddle. The usual halt had been made to tighten the packs, and we were picking our way across a dreary plain of sage brush on the edge of the great basalt flood of Idaho, when Jack, whose eyes were like a hawk's for quickness, detected a cloud of dust far to the south on the horizon. We halted, and in a few minutes Jack informed us that it was a party of horsemen, and that they must be Indians from their way of riding. As they came nearer we made out that there were four mounted Indians with four led horses. Jack dismounted and got his rifle ready. Andy, without saying a word, did the same. They covered with their pieces the foremost rider, who now spurred on rapidly in front of the rest, gesticulating to us with a rod or whip he carried in his hand. "They are friendly," remarked Jack, and down went the rifles. The first rider came up to us, and after a palaver with Jack, in which we caught here and there a word of broken English, we learnt that they were bound for a council of Indians up in Montana.

Four more picturesque savages could not have been desired to complete our reminiscences of the Far West. Every bright colour was to be found somewhere in their costumes. One wore a bright blue coat faced with scarlet, another had chosen his cloth of the tawniest orange. Their straw hats were encircled with a band of down and surmounted with feathers. Scarlet braid embroidered with beads wound in and out all over their dress. Their rifles (for every one of them was fully armed) were cased in richly brodered canvas covers, and were slung across the front of their saddles, ready for any emergency. One of them, the son of a chief whose father Jack had known, carried a twopenny looking-glass hanging at his saddle-bow. We were glad to have seen the noble savage in his war-paint among his

native wilds. Our satisfaction, however, would have been less had we known then what we only discovered when we got down into Utah, that a neighbouring tribe of the Utes were in revolt, that they had murdered the agent and his people, and killed a United States officer and a number of his soldiers, who had been sent to suppress the rising, and that there were rumours of the disaffection spreading into other tribes. We saluted our strangers with the Indian greeting, "How!" whereupon they gravely rode round and formally shook hands with each of us. Jack, however, had no faith in Indians, and after they had left us, and were scampering along the prairie in a bee-line due north, he still kept his eye on them till they entered a valley among the mountains, and were lost to sight. In half an hour afterwards another much larger cloud of dust crossed the mouth of a narrow valley down which we were moving. Waiting a little unperceived to give the party time to widen their distance from us, we were soon once more upon the great basalt plain.

The last section of our ride proved to be in a geological sense one of the most interesting parts of the whole journey. We found that the older trachytic lavas of the hills had been deeply trenched by lateral valleys, and that all these valleys had a floor of the black basalt that had been poured out as the last of the molten materials from the now extinct volcanoes. There were no visible cones or vents from which these floods of basalt could have proceeded. We rode for hours by the margin of a vast plain of basalt, stretching southward and westward as far as the eye could reach. It seemed as if the plain had been once a great lake or sea of molten rock which surged along the base of the hills, entering every valley, and leaving there a solid floor of bare black stone. We camped on this basalt plain near some springs of clear cold water which rise close to its edge. Wandering over the bare hummocks

of rock, on many of which not a vestige of vegetation had yet taken root, I realised with vividness the truth of an assertion made first by Richthofen, but very generally neglected by geologists, that our modern volcanoes, such as Vesuvius or Etna, present us with by no means the grandest type of volcanic action, but rather belong to a time of failing activity. There have been periods of tremendous volcanic energy, when, instead of escaping from a local vent, like a Vesuvian cone, the lava has found its way to the surface by innumerable fissures opened for it in the solid crust of the globe over thousands of square miles. I felt that the structure of this and the other volcanic plains of the Far West furnish the true key to the history of the basaltic plateaux of Ireland and Scotland, which had been an enigma to me for many years.

At last we reached the railway that had been opened only a week or two before. Andy rode on ahead to the terminus, to intimate that we wished to be picked up. In a short while the train came up, and as we sat there in the bare valley near no station, the engine slowed at sight of us. Our two companions were now to turn back and take a shorter route to Fort Ellis, but would be at least ten days on the march. We parted from them not without regret. Rough, but kindly, they had done everything to make the journey a memorably pleasant one to us. We took our seats in the car, and from the window, as we moved away, caught the last glimpse of our cavalcade, Andy in front with a riderless horse, and Jack in the rear with another.

ARCH. GEIKIE.

THE AUTHORISATION OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THERE are few, if any, forms of modern enthusiasm which meet with so little sympathy from the general public as the bibliomania of the book-fancier. The grimy and mutilated *editio princeps* for which its owner has given a larger sum than he cares to specify, the bundle of flimsy black-letter ballads which he has laboriously collected from twenty book-stalls, or even the little Elzevirs which he shows to every visitor, possess to him a value which the British public simply cannot understand. The number of persons, if very select, is certainly very limited, to whom the copy of a book printed in the sixteenth century gives more genuine pleasure than a copy of the same book printed within the last ten years, and the affection with which the initiated regard these time-worn and costly curiosities is an affection very difficult for most people to acquire.

There is, however, one series of volumes, three centuries old, which has an historic interest all its own, an interest in which many are able to sympathise who have no due reverence either for black-letter types or for the memory of Elzevir. I refer to the series of English Bibles which is to be found in most good libraries. The first issue of at least five of these Bibles was an event of national importance. "Tyn-dale's New Testament," "The Great Bible," "The Geneva Bible," "The Bishops' Bible," "The Authorised Version"—the publication of each of these has an integral and important place in the history of the Church and realm of England.

Among the indirect results, and they are many, which have already followed from the publication, last May, of the Revised Version of the New Testament, not the least notable has been the interest generally awakened, perhaps for the first time,

in the actual history of the English Bible. The record of what can only be called the "growth" of our English translation of Holy Scripture is a record worth studying. For reasons, theological and literary, which it would be curious to trace, the subject has never received, among what is called "the reading public," the attention it deserves. The issue of a "Revised Version," after a lapse of two hundred and seventy years, has naturally directed men's thoughts to the circumstances which surrounded like events in days gone by, and to the general history of the English Bible; and many, probably, to whom the subject was, a few months ago, utterly unknown, have now awakened to the solemn and pathetic interest of the story.

My object in this article is to throw a few rays of additional light, if possible, upon one short period in that history—the first half of the seventeenth century. The elucidation of that period has an important bearing upon some of the practical questions which are now exercising people's minds with reference to the Revised Version and its use. But it may be well, before I say my say about the seventeenth century, to review the previous history of the English Bible, with special reference to the "authorisation" of its successive versions. A bare summary of the facts is all that can or need be given here.

It seems now to be placed beyond dispute that the first complete copy of the English Bible was that translated from the Latin Vulgate by William Wycliffe. It was "published," if one may use the term, shortly before Wycliffe's death in 1384, and was carefully revised, four years later, by John Purvey. Its reception by the authorities of the Church was not encouraging. The Archbishop of

Canterbury, Arundel, thus describes the man and his work :—

"This is that pestilent wretch of damnable memory, John Wycliffe, son of the old serpent, yea the forerunner and disciple of Antichrist; who, while he lived, walking in the vanity of his mind, not knowing how to direct his steps in the way of righteousness, chose not only to despise the sacred canons and admonitions of his fathers, but also to rend with the efforts of a viper the womb of his Holy Mother, as far as he was able. . . . He, as the complement of his wickedness invented a new translation of the Scriptures into his mother tongue."¹

The transcription and circulation of the book seems, however, to have gone on apace from the very first. In spite of its stern proscription, we learn from Fox how, in the succeeding century—

"Great multitudes tasted and followed the sweetness of God's holy word. . . . Some gave five marks" (said to be equal to 40*l.* in our money) "some more, some less, for a book; some gave a load of hay for a few chapters of St. James or of St. Paul in English. . . . To see their travails, their earnest seekings, their burning zeal, their readings, their watchings, their sweet assemblies, . . . may make us now in these days of free profession to blush for shame."²

Strangely enough, this enthusiasm for the Wycliffite version did not result in the early production, even when possible, of a printed English Bible. "Before the end of the fifteenth century," says Canon Westcott,³ "Bibles had been printed in Spanish, Italian, French, Dutch, German, and Bohemian," while England had only her manuscripts.

About the year 1510 the lectures of Erasmus, then professor of Greek at Cambridge, drew thither William Tyndale, "to whom it has been allowed, more than any other man, to give its characteristic shape to the English Bible." The story of his life

and adventures is of absorbing interest, but it cannot be related here. In 1525 appeared his *Neue Testament in English*, translated from the original Greek, and printed on the Continent. In this version were laid the foundation lines upon which every subsequent translator has fashioned his work. Like Wycliffe's translation, it was at once proscribed by the Church authorities. Six editions were actually published before 1530, but so fierce and systematic was the persecution, both now and afterwards, that—

"Of these six editions, numbering perhaps 15,000 copies, there remains, of the first, one fragment only, which was found about thirty years ago attached to another tract; of the second, one copy, wanting the title-page, and, of the others, one or two copies which are not, however, satisfactorily identified."⁴

The proscription of a printed volume, however, is a different matter from the proscription of a manuscript, and the book was indestructible. Before William Tyndale was martyred at Vilvorde in 1536, his "Neue Testament" had been twice carefully revised, and original translations of the Pentateuch and of the book of Jonah had been also published. Tyndale died, but the victory had been already won. In a solemn "Assembly," convened by Archbishop Warham in 1530, the general demand for an English Bible was acknowledged in the very terms in which such a translation was prohibited or postponed :—

"The King, by the advice and deliberation of his Council, and the agreement of great learned men, thinketh in his conscience that the divulging of this Scripture at this time in the English tongue to be committed to the people should rather be to the confusion and distraction than to the edification of their souls."⁵

Nor was it possible to postpone it long. In 1537 a complete translation of the Bible was set forth by Miles Coverdale, "with the king's most gracious license." Indeed, the publication of a like edition by Coverdale, two years before, had been tacitly

¹ "Novæ ad sue malitiæ complementum, Scripturarum in linguam matrem translationis practica adinventum."—Wilkins's *Concilium*, iii. 350. See Boulton's *History of the Church of England*, 320.

² Fox, *Acts and Monuments*, vol. iv. p. 217.

³ *History of the English Bible* (p. 24), from which much of the account here given is abridged.

⁴ *History of the English Bible*, p. 37.

⁵ Wilkins's *Concilium*, iii. 736.

connived at, and the translation actually dedicated to the king.

Almost simultaneously with the publication "under license" of Coverdale's Bible, there appeared a composite English Bible, commonly known as *Matthew's Bible*. This was made up of Tyndale's translation from Genesis to 2 Chronicles (only a small part of which had been published in Tyndale's life), Tyndale's revised New Testament, and the remainder of the Old Testament and the Apocrypha from Coverdale. On August 4th, 1537, Cranmer submitted this Bible, through Crumwell, to the king. On the 28th he writes to Crumwell as follows:—

"These shall be to give you most hearty thanks that any heart can think, and that in the name of them all which favoureth God's word, for your diligence at this time, in procuring the king's highness to set forth the said God's word, and His Gospel by His Grace's authority. For the which act, not only the king's majesty, but also you, shall have a perpetual laud and memory of all them that be now, or hereafter shall be, God's faithful people and the favourers of His word. And this deed you shall hear of at the great day when all things shall be opened and made manifest."¹

Thus Tyndale's Bible, proscribed and publicly burnt in 1525, was practically authorised, just thirteen years later, by some of the very men under whom it had been condemned.

From this time forward the course was comparatively clear. "Matthew's Bible" was essentially a transitional work, and it became evident that a revised version was imperatively required for public use. The revision of the whole was wisely committed to Miles Coverdale, and in 1539-40 was published, in handsome folio, under the direct authority of Crumwell and the king, a series of editions, substantially the same, and commonly known and described as *The Great Bible*. The "authorisation" had meanwhile assumed a more definite form. The king had issued injunctions, in 1537, through Crumwell, that—

"Every parson or proprietary of any parish church within this realm shall . . . provide a

book of the whole Bible both in Latin and English, and lay the same in the quire for every man that will to look and read therein, and shall discourage no man from reading any part of the Bible, either Latin or English, but rather comfort, exhort, and admonish every man to read the same as the very word of God, the spiritual food of man's soul."²

With the second, and all subsequent editions of this "Great Bible," the name of Archbishop Cranmer is inseparably connected. The preface—which does not appear in the first edition—was his handiwork, and the volume is, not uncommonly, referred to as "Cranmer's Bible." The title-page of the fourth edition of the Great Bible shows alike the character claimed for it, and the historical importance which attaches to its publication:—

"The Byble in Englyshe of the largest and greatest volume, auctorysed and apoynted by the commandemente of oure moost redoubted Prynce and Soveraygne Lorde Kynge Henrye the VIII. supreme heade of this his Church and Realme of Englande; to be frequented and used in every church wth this his sayd realme accordyng to the tenour of his former iniunctions geven in that behalfe. Oversene and perused at the comaundemēt of the kynghes hyghnes, by the ryghte reverende fathers in God Cuthbert, byshop of Duresme and Nicholas Bisshop of Rochester. . . . Cum privilegio, 1541. Fynysht in November anno mcccxcx. *A Dñō factū est istud.*"

In one respect, at least, this Bible has a lasting interest for the Church of England. From it is taken the Psalter which is incorporated in our Prayer Book, and which it is impossible to suppose will ever be displaced. In its incomparable tenderness and sweetness "we can yet find the spirit of him whose work it mainly is, full of humility and love, not heroic, or creative, but patient to accomplish, by God's help the task which had been set him to do, and therefore best in harmony with the tenour of our own daily lives."

After the publication of the Great Bible there was a pause of nearly twenty years. The reaction under Mary checked the work in England, but the enforced absence of many

¹ Cranmer's *Letters*, 198. Parker Society.

² Cranmer's *Letters*, 198, note.

of the English reformers gave them an opportunity which might not have been theirs under happier circumstances. Englishmen were, for the second time, driven to claim the shelter of a foreign home, in order to carry on work for God's glory and man's good which they dared not do in their own country. At Geneva, then the seat of a society of devoted and skilful biblical students, the work of translation went on more vigorously than ever. The result was the publication, in 1560, of the *Geneva Bible*,¹ which was, for more than sixty years, the household Bible of the English people. The reasons for its popularity are not hard to discover. It was published at once in a smaller and therefore cheaper form than its predecessors; it substituted Roman type for black letter; its chapters were divided into verses; and a marginal commentary accompanied the text. Though dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, the Geneva Bible was never, in any sense save that of usage, "authorised" in the Church of England. The controversial character of its marginal notes, which were deeply marked with the spirit of their Genevan birthplace, effectually prevented any such royal or episcopal imprimatur.²

The "Great Bible" was at first allowed to retain, under Elizabeth, the place it had held under Edward, as the authorized Bible for ecclesiastical use. But the wide circulation of the Genevan edition made its defects generally known, and Archbishop Parker took measures, on the earliest opportunity, for a complete revision of the old translation. Under his personal direction the *Bishops' Bible* was, after five years' labour, published in 1568, in a magnificent and highly

embellished³ volume, "*cum privilegio regie majestatis*." Of the revisers eight were bishops, and from them the version derived its popular title. On its publication the Archbishop endeavoured to obtain an official recognition of it from the Queen.

"If your honour (Cecil) would obtain of the Queen's highness that this edition might be licensed and only (= alone) commended in public reading in churches, to draw to one uniformity, it were no great cost to the most parishes, and a relief to the printer for his great charges sustained. The Psalters might remain in quires, as they be much multiplied, but where of their own accord they would use this translation."⁴

There is no evidence to show whether the Queen returned any answer to this petition. It was ordered, however, in the "Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical" of 1571.

"That every Archbishop and Bishop should have at his house a copy of the Holy Bible of the largest volume, as lately printed at London . . . and that it should be placed in the hall or the large dining-room, that it might be useful to their servants or to strangers."

It was also enjoined that each cathedral should have a copy, and the same provision was extended, "as far as it could be conveniently done," to all churches.⁵

By this means the "Bishops' Bible" seems soon to have displaced the "Great Bible" in most parish churches. But that was all. That it was never in favour with the people is evident, among other things, from a comparison of the various editions of the two current Bibles published between 1568 and 1611. The demand for the Genevan Bible more than quadrupled that for its rival.⁶

To this rivalry, however, is mainly due the *Authorised Version* of James I.,

¹ Popularly known as the *Breeches Bible*, from the translation of Genesis iii. 7.

² e.g. In the note upon Rev. ix. 3, "locusts" are explained as meaning "false teachers, heretics, and worldly subtil prelates, with monks, friars, cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, doctors, bachelors, and masters, which forsake Christ to maintain false doctrine."

³ Professor Plumptre has called attention to the incongruous character of the illustrations which appear in some editions of the Bishops' Bible, including, in the initial letters, woodcuts of Neptune, and of Leda and the Swan. (Smith's *Dict. of the Bible*, iii. 1674, note.)

⁴ Parker Correspondence, Letter 257. Park. Soc.

⁵ Westcott, 104.

⁶ *Ibid.* 110.

which has held its place, almost unchallenged, for two centuries and a half. The history of its publication has been so often told within the last few months that it is unnecessary to repeat it here in any detail. It had its origin in the Hampton Court Conference in 1604, when the Puritan representatives pressed their demand for a new, or at least, a revised translation. The project, congenial to his disposition, was readily embraced by the King, though he showed a characteristic caution as to details. A wise selection of fifty-four scholars was made for the work, and elaborate rules were laid down for their guidance. In the preface, which modern printers have unaccountably omitted to publish, while they continue to reproduce the inferior "dedication," Dr. Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester,¹ gives, in the name of his colleagues, an interesting account of the revisers' work.

The volume was published from the press of R. Barker, in 1611. There is no occasion to say anything here of the incomparable merits of this "well of English undefiled." But one question connected with its publication has been the subject, this year, of keen inquiry and vigorous debate, and this it may be worth our while to examine with what care we can.

Was the "Authorised Version" of 1611 ever "authorised" at all? and if so, what did its authorisation imply? At first sight the facts seem to be quite clear. The title-page speaks for itself. The Book is said to be "newly translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised, by his Majesty's special command. *Appointed to be read in churches.*" But when we turn to the records, ecclesiastical or civil, of the year 1611, no trace is discoverable of any public and formal sanction given to the new

version, either by Parliament, or by Convocation, or by the Privy Council, or by the King. The present Lord Chancellor, having had his attention called to the subject by the Bishop of Lincoln, comments upon this point with great care, arguing—(1.) That the "authorization" may probably have been by order in council; (2.) that, if so, the record of the order probably perished in a fire which took place at Whitehall on January 12th, 1618; (3.) That it is unlikely that the king's printer would have inserted on the title-page the words "appointed to be read in churches" if the fact were not really so. (*Times*, June 3, 1881.)

And the argument seems unanswerable, so far as it goes. But a further question remains; granted that, before the insertion of these six words upon the title-page, some order must have been given by some one, authorising the public use of the new version; does it necessarily follow that the order was compulsory and not merely permissive? The original order, whatever it was, or by whomsoever given, has perished, and it is only by indirect evidence that we can gather what its terms may have been. This evidence, as I hope to show, is not confined to the words so often quoted from the title-page of the original edition. It is, I think, of three sorts—(1.) The actual title-pages of the early editions. (2.) The quotations from Holy Scripture in the published sermons and books of the succeeding half century. (3.) The official "inquiries" made by bishops and others during the same period, together with any contemporary or subsequent allusions to the new translation.

(1.) First, then, as to the oft-quoted title-page itself. It is commonly supposed, and has been frequently stated, that the words "appointed to be read in churches" appear upon the title-pages of every edition. This, however, is a mistake. They are found, it is true, in a large number of early copies, including those of the first folio edition of 1611. But they are

¹ This connection of the See of Gloucester with the history of the English Bible has been now revived in the indefatigable labours of the present Bishop as Chairman of the N. T. Revision Company.

absent from the title-pages of eight at least, among the editions of the first few years.¹ All, therefore, that can be said with certainty is that the printer, in issuing the first editions of the New Translation, sometimes, but not always, added to its title-page the words "*Appointed to be read in Churches.*" The formula, to whatever Act or Order it referred, was apparently his own, or, at all events, we have no evidence to the contrary. Its exact interpretation must therefore be determined from such other evidence as we are able to collect.

It may be worth noticing, in this connection, that the title-page of the first book of Homilies, published in 1547, runs as follows:—"Certaine sermons or Homilies *appoynted by the kinge's majestie to be declared and redde* by all persones uicars or curates every Sōday in their churches where thei have cure. Anno 1547." Subsequent editions have a similar title. In 1623, for example, when the two books of Homilies were published for the first time in one volume, the title runs thus: "Certaine sermons or Homilies *appointed to be read in churches* In the time of the late Queene Elizabeth of famous memory, and here thought fit to be reprinted by authority from the king's most excellent Majestie." The six words in question, therefore were prefixed to the Homilies as well as to King James's Bible. How far the order was, in their case, compulsory, is apparent from the rubric which directs, "Then shall follow the sermon or one of the Homilies already set forth or hereafter to be set forth by authority." The Rubric of 1549 ran as follows: "After the creed ended shall follow the sermon or Homily, or some portion of one of the Homilies, wherein," &c. The authorisation of the Homi-

lies, then, which, like the King's Bible, were "*appointed to be read in churches,*" was distinctly permissive, and not compulsory. It was always open to the duly licensed priest to substitute a sermon for the "appointed" Homily. A similar instance, perhaps even more to the point, may be found in the concurrent use, during the last century, of alternative versions of the metrical Psalter, two at least of which were "allowed by authority."²

(2.) I pass to the second point, the evidence derived from the quotations of Holy Scripture by preachers and others in the years which followed the issue of the Authorised Version. I have examined more than fifty sermons preached between the years 1611 and 1630, and I find the results to be briefly as follows. In twenty-seven of these sermons the preacher takes his text from the Genevan Version, and in five from the Bishops' Bible. Of the remainder, only about one half quote from the Authorised Version, the texts of eleven sermons being apparently translated or adapted by the preacher himself. Among those who preach from the Genevan Version are the following:—Bishop Andrewes (in 1618–22–23–24); William Laud, then Bishop Designate of St. David's (in 1621); Bishop Carleton, of Chichester (in 1624); Bishop Hall (in 1613 and 1624); Dean Williams, of Salisbury (in 1619); besides many others of less note. The Bishops' Bible is used by Bishop Andrewes (in

¹ The following words appear on the title-pages of Sternhold and Hopkins's Psalter for at least 200 years:—"Set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, of all the people together, before and after morning prayer, as also before and after Sermons, and moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songs and ballades, which tend onely to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth."

Tate and Brady's Psalter (first published in 1696), has the following:—"At the Court at Kensington, Dec. 3, 1696. . . . His Majesty . . . is pleased to order in Council . . . that the said New Version be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be used in all churches, chapels, and congregations as shall think fit to receive the same."

² Viz.: Second folio, 1611; 8vo, 1612; folio, 1613; 4to, 1613; 8vo, 1613; Black-letter 4to, 1613; N. T. 12mo, 1611; N. T. 4to, 1612. For the details of this statement, and for several other particulars, I am indebted to the help of Mr. Fortescue, of the British Museum.

1614), by Bishop Buckeridge, of Rochester (in 1626) and by Dr. Gryffith Williams (in 1624). These names suffice to show that it was not merely by "country parsons," who might know no better, that the older translations continued to be publicly used long after the Authorised Version had appeared.

The circumstances of some of the sermons are not less significant. Bishop Hall's sermon in 1613 is "An holy panegyric, preached at St. Paul's Cross on the anniversary of the happy inauguration of King James." It is in "A farewell sermon preached to the family of Prince Henry, on the day of their dissolution" (*sic*) that the same prelate in 1624 takes his text from the Genevan translation of Rev. xxi. 3. William Laud, just before his consecration in 1621, preaches before the king at Whitehall from the Genevan Version. In 1620 Radford Maureche uses the same translation in preaching before the University of Oxford, and George Langford before that of Cambridge.

Can these facts be reasonably reconciled with the theory that from 1611 onwards the Authorised Version, and that alone, was read in all the churches and chapels throughout England? Of course it does not follow that, because a preacher took his text from the version with which his hearers were most familiar, that version must also have been read in the lessons for the day. But it is difficult to believe that men like Laud, and Andrewes, and Hall, "ready above all things, to uphold the king's commandment," should deliberately, and in the actual presence of the king, have quoted, without excuse or explanation, from a version, the public use of which was absolutely prohibited.

A thorough examination of the tracts, and other devotional and controversial literature, published in the first half of the seventeenth century, would lead, I am persuaded, to similar conclusions to those which may be

drawn from the sermons of the day. Bishop Hall's *Meditations*, for example, published in 1624, furnish a case in point. Though the "headings," when the words are given, are usually taken from the Authorised Version, the quotations in the body of the book are almost always from the Geneva Bible. Again, in a tract entitled, "The Ancient Ecclesiastical Practice of Confirmation, written upon occasion of the Confirmation of the Prince His Highnesse, performed on Monday in Easter week, 1613, in the Chapel at Whitehall, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells," and "*published by authoritie*," the author, Dr. George Hakewill, "His Highnesse Chaplaine in ordinaire," quotes from the Geneva Version only. It would be tedious to multiply examples. The fact, I think, is beyond dispute, that for twenty years at least, after the "authorisation" of King James's Bible, the versions previously in use continued to be publicly quoted at least as frequently as the new translation. The inference seems clear that the authorisation was permissive and not compulsory.

(3.) I turn to the consideration of the official "Inquiries" and "Visitation Articles," of Bishops and Archdeacons, published during the seventeenth century. I have examined more than a hundred of these in the British Museum, at Lambeth, and elsewhere. The usual inquiry as to the Bible runs somewhat as follows:—"Have you, in your churches or chapels, the whole Bible of the largest volume, and latest edition?" the last three words being frequently omitted in the earlier part of the century, but becoming almost universal towards its close. I may summarise, thus, the statistics I have collected. Of twenty-four "inquiries" between 1612 and 1641, thirteen Bishops and Archdeacons ask for "a Bible of the latest edition," or "of the last translation," while twelve ask only for "a Bible of the largest volume," in accordance with what had been the usual form

of the question prior to 1611.¹ Among the latter are Bishop Neile of Lincoln (1614); Bishop Williams, of Lincoln (1631); Bishop Duppa, of Chichester (1638); and the Archdeacons of London, York, and Colchester (1640). Archbishop Abbot, in his metropolitical visitation in 1616, asks only for "the whole Bible of the largest volume," though, three years later, in a visitation of the Diocese of Canterbury, he carefully refers to "the Bible of the New Translation, lately set forth by His Majesty's authority." Archbishop Laud, however, in a Diocesan visitation in 1634, departing from the form adopted by his predecessor, asks only for "the whole Bible of the largest volume."

In the "Inquiries," subsequent to the Restoration, "the last translation" is almost always specified. Among twenty-six visitation inquiries issued in the year 1662, I can find only one Bishop (George Griffith, of St. Asaph) who is content with "a Bible of the largest volume;" and "the last translation" continues to be asked for, even in the early years of the eighteenth century. Almost the only exception is Bishop Compton, of London, who, alike in 1677 and in 1693, asks only for "a fair Bible."

I submit that these statistics point to the same conclusion as that drawn from the sermons and tracts of the time, namely, that it was only after the new translation had, by its own merits, won its way, that its adoption, even in our churches, became general, and that the Bishops, fortified by public opinion, felt themselves justified in insisting upon its universal use.

It is strange that among all the literature we possess, belonging to the first half of the seventeenth century, so little should have been brought to light which bears directly upon this question of "authorisation."

Thomas Fuller's account of the issue of the new version is, as usual, quaint and interesting. He is full of admiration of the work, and of the

¹ See also the wording of the 80th Canon of 1603.

"industry, skilfulness, piety, and discretion," of the translators.

"These, with Jacob, have rolled away the stone from the mouth of the well of life, so that now even Rachels, weak women, may freely come, both to drink themselves and water the flocks of their families at the same."²

Referring to the complaints brought against the book, he says—

"Some of the brethren were not well pleased with this translation, suspecting it would abate the repute of that of Geneva, with their annotations made by English exiles in that city in the days of Queen Mary, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and printed with the general liking of the people, above thirty times over."³

This account of the "suspicion" that the book "would abate the repute of that of Geneva," gives a different picture of the position of the new version from that in which it has been commonly represented, as at once superseding by authority every rival translation.

I have not had an opportunity of examining any detailed record of the discussions which took place at the Synod of Dort in November, 1618. The English divines seem there to have given a full account of the revision, and it is possible that a careful examination of the extant letters of Hales or Balcanquhall may throw some light upon this vexed question.

"The New Translation" was again referred to at the Savoy Conference in 1661, when one of the "objections" urged by the Puritan divines to the Book of Common Prayer, was

"That in regard of the many defects observed in the version of the Scriptures used in the liturgy, they move these mispermanences may be struck out, and the new translation allowed by authority, substituted instead of the former."⁴

It is urged⁵ that, in seventeenth century language, to "allow" sometimes meant to "approve" or even to "enjoin"; and that, therefore, the words, "allowed by authority," must not be pressed in their modern sense, as implying a merely permissive sanc-

² Vol. iii. p. 246.

³ *Ibid.* p. 247.

⁴ Collier, viii. 406.

⁵ Vide *Guardian*, June 29, 1881, p. 926.

tion for the new translation. It will not, however, be denied that the word, as then used, is at least capable of being interpreted in what is now its ordinary meaning, and if the permissive character of the authorisation can be supported by independent evidence, the sentence in question must be given its full weight on the same side.

Such, briefly, are some of the positive arguments which appear to show that the Authorised Version was not at once imposed upon the Church of England, so as absolutely to forbid, in the public service, the use of any one of the older translations.

I believe the new version to have made its way rather by its own merits than by any external authority, and I claim to have shown that, for twenty years at least after its publication, its use was far from being general in the Church.

We have now again a "Revised Version" of the New Testament, to be followed by the Old Testament in a year or two at most. With a timidity unknown to our forefathers, we are afraid of having two versions running side by side, and there would seem to be a wish, on the part of many Churchmen, that the new volume, after the ten years labour which our best scholars have spent upon it, should be relegated to our shelves as a book of reference, to which the English reader may apply when puzzled, but which can never become his household Bible. It is urged that to place different translations and various readings in the hands of the men and women of England, is to undermine their faith. Compare with this unworthy fear the spirit which animated our Reformers three centuries ago. Application was made to Archbishop Parker and Bishop Grindal, in 1565, to support Bodley's application for a license to reprint the Geneva Version. They at once wrote a joint letter to Cecil in its favour. The "Great Bible" lay in the Churches of England; the "Bishops' Bible" was soon to be pub-

lished; but in the meantime Parker writes that it "would nothing hinder, but rather doo much good, to have diversity of translations and readings."¹ Were men's minds of such robust stuff in Parker's days, that what then "would doo much good," must now do much harm? Was their faith so much more rational than ours?

"But," it is urged, "there are translations in the new revision which will never be accepted; there are mannerisms; there are mistakes: the work is marred by many faults; it can never hold its own against our old incomparable English Bible." Be it so. If the work is inferior to that which preceded it, it will not hold its own. But at least we are bound to give it a fair trial, and to remember that there were like critics 270 years ago. Let one of the foremost of the Revisers speak for himself—

"Was not our present Authorized Version—which all men now with justice estimate so highly—decried on its first appearance, accused of faults which it had and faults which it had not—of bad English, of bad scholarship, of bad theology? Did not almost every one say then, as almost every one says now, 'The old is better'? Nay, if the recent revisers are surprised at all by the public criticisms on their work, it is by their mildness, not by their harshness. Judging by the experience of the past, they looked for a far more severe verdict on their work than has been pronounced. Why then did they undertake this thankless task with their eyes open? Why, except that there is a power, a life, a spell, in that book, which drew them by its magic? They held it an honour and a privilege, as well as an obligation, to do what they could to set that book before the English-speaking people in the best form which improved scholarship and enlarged knowledge suggested. And now, with a feeling akin to that which suggested the words to Bede's young amanuensis eleven or twelve centuries ago, they say thankfully, 'It is finished.'"²

In nothing more certainly than in the honest rivalry of Biblical translation may we count upon "*the survival of the fittest.*"

RANDALL T. DAVIDSON.

¹ *Parker Correspondence*, Letter 202.

² Sermon by the Bishop of Durham at Jarrow, June 29, 1881.

LYRICAL POETRY OF MODERN GREECE.

MANY writers of eminence in classic literature, have of late years so ably advocated the advantages to be derived from studying the modern language of Greece conjointly with the old forms, that little more can be advanced upon that subject. The beauty and euphony of the language as it is now spoken, may be sufficient eventually to commend it for acceptance as the best guide to the true pronunciation of the ancient language—for which indeed there really exists no other guide; but that result cannot readily be obtained without a warm appreciation of the revival, and belief in the existence of a growing literature. The chief obstacle is the difficulty of persuading the public that there will ever be, much more than there is, any literature in New Hellas which will render its study a grateful one.

It is almost universally believed, except by an enthusiastic minority, that to entertain the idea that there can ever possibly be a resuscitation of Greek literature, especially of poetry, is utterly chimerical; nor is this merely the opinion of the world at large, from whom an adverse judgment on such a point might naturally be expected, but it is one which has been openly enunciated by a Greek man of letters, a member of the Academy of Athens, who has confidently asserted that it is quite vain to hope that a great poet will ever arise in New Hellas.

To minds bound up in an exclusive admiration of a literature so sublime as that of Old Greece, the bare suggestion of such a possible revival seems an absurd conceit, since in their estimation the past glories of a noble race are sufficient to crush out every attempt, of whatever kind, in those who dare to claim from it a descent and a heritage. They would say, "It is hopeless to expect green

boughs and ripening fruit from a withered trunk, which, although in former ages it might have reared its amply spreading branches into space, is now completely dry and lifeless. How can one recognise any kinship in saplings springing up around roots so long since decayed?"

But a noble ancestry is as often paralysing in its effects upon its descendants, as it is stimulating to noble deeds. There is a pride that tends to indolence, as there is also one that calls forth activity; and in the list of great names, those men shine forth as the greatest, who have made those names for themselves, who have not therefore been burthened with the necessity of rivalling their ancestors, and whose growth has consequently not been stunted and dwarfed into insignificance, by the overshadowing of a mighty progenitor. That sons do not equal their great fathers, besides being pretty generally apparent, is an old dogma enough. Athene, when she wishes to stimulate Telemachus by reminding him that he is the son of Odusseus and Penelope, takes care to add that she does not expect to find their perfections in him, as sons so very seldom excel, nay, are generally inferior to, their celebrated sires:—

"Παῦροι γάρ τοι παῖδες δυοῖοι πατρὶ πέλονται.
Οἱ πλεονες κακείους· παῦροι δὲ τε πατὴρ
ἀρείους."

Οδυσ. Β'. 276.

On the other hand the laudable emulation of being worthy of a good parentage is not without its advantages, and if the Hellenes of to-day have been, and still are, too clamorous in asserting their rights to be considered the legitimate offspring of Old Greece, and heirs to all her wealth of intellect, it is excusable, although it may be injudicious. The fruits of the tree will declare of what stock it is,

and no labelling "Ribstone Pippin" will avail, if wild crabs cluster on the branches. And if the Greeks of to-day are seedlings from that ancient tree, we should naturally look rather for the variations which seedlings often develop, than for a mere reproduction of the parent stock. If attempts are made to force the seedlings into untimely growth, or to imitate the proportions and configuration of the majestic parent tree, there will necessarily be great disappointment and failure. The seedlings will have to learn that they are but seedlings, and must patiently wait until the quality of their fruits can be tested. There is however visible in the awakening of the literature of New Hellas that one essential element, without which nothing great in Art or Poetry can be produced, namely enthusiasm; and this, if it be not expended upon fruitless objects and extravagant aims, will not fail in its usual results.

It has, nevertheless, been suggested that all the present literary activity of Modern Greece, and all its poetical aspirations, are due to the fostering care of her academies, and of Athens as a centre; and are not the spontaneous effects of genius, of which they show but little, but the outcome of an artificial growth, stimulated and kept alive by literary contests and awards, and producing in the end a crowd of teachers, grammarians, and writers of birthday and anniversary patriotic odes. Much poetic effort would doubtless result from such stimulus, though it would be vain to hope for any manifestation of genius therefrom. The same average amount of talent would probably be elicited as is usually evoked by examinations; which, of whatever use they may be for the purposes of testing culture, are worthless for the production of genius, who is an erratic child, born of freedom, and not often of the schools. But if in poetical contests, patriotic poems and birthday odes never ascend much above mediocrity, yet by their stimulus an

impetus may be given, which shall penetrate for good into some remote and unexpected corner. Without education, without the happy conjunction of circumstances, latent powers remain latent. Nature, or events, or the awakening of emotions may kindle the slumbering fire; but failing such, it smoulders away, its occasional sparks causing restlessness and disquietude to none but the possessor, who may be partially conscious of his gift. Abject surroundings, ignorance, misery, slavery, tyranny, may make the themes of the poet, but not the poet himself.

In the long Byzantine sleep of luxury, and in the slavery consequent upon it, a great poet was hardly to be expected from the Greek race; but nevertheless the spirit of Poetry was not extinguished, it showed itself occasionally in those wild ballads that stored up and kept alive the spirit of freedom and love of country, on many a hill top where the Klephts had their strongholds. Klephts and Klephtic ballads no longer commend themselves to our sympathies; but a little consideration may convince us that if the spirit which animated the few, in the days of their final struggle with the Ottomans, had existed in the majority of the Greeks, history might have had a different tale to record. The Klephts anyhow scorned safety at the price of liberty, and holding their lives in their hands, suffered many extremes, lived like the wild beasts, and were hunted down as such, as many of their songs express:—

"Ὅς ποτε παλλημέρα, καὶ ζῶμεν τὰ στενά,
Μονάχοι ὅσων λεοντάρια, ἔταις ῥάχαις, ἔτ' ὅ
Βουναί;
Στηλιαὶ καὶ κατοικοῦμεν, καὶ βλέπουμεν κλαδί
Να φεύγωμ' ἀπ' τὸν κόσμον γιὰ τὴν πικρὴ
σκληριά;
Να χάνωμεν πατρίδα, ἀδελφία καὶ γονεῖς,
Τοὺς φίλους, τὰ παῖδιά μας κ' ὅλους τοὺς
συγγενεῖς;
Καλῆτερα μᾶς ἔρας ἐλεύθερη ζωὴ,
Παρά σαράντα χρόνων σκληριά καὶ φυλακῆ."

"Thus then, as Pallikars, we will live in the wilds, with the beasts, on rocks and mountains, dwelling in caves with boughs to cover

us, fleeing from the world on account of bitter slavery, and for that we lose our fatherland, wives, parents, friends, children, and all our kindred. But better a free life for one hour than forty ages of slavery and chains."

The writer of the spirited poem from which the above lines are taken, was the unfortunate Rhegas, the proto-martyr of Greek independence, whose whole life was devoted to the one cause of freeing his country. Born in Thessaly, in 1754, the impression upon his early years of the effect of subjugation must have been vivid, for he left his home at ten years of age and went to Bucharest, where he studied; nor ever again, until the hour when he was delivered up to the Ottoman power by Austria, returned to his place of birth. Living or dead, however, his songs were firebrands thrown amongst combustible elements, and it was from the above poem that Lord Byron took his *Sons of the Greeks, arise*, which, however, lost much of its fire even by his translation. The unbearable yoke which drove the more untamable natures to a robber life, justified them not only in their own eyes, but in those of many who sympathised with their cause. Theirs was at least the home of liberty, there was the spirit of patriotism nursed, and it was songs such as the above that, spreading amongst the enslaved people, kept alive the hopes of some future deliverance. To them, conjoined with other causes, the rising was due, and the independence of Greece is mainly indebted to those hill-robbers. But the era of Klephtic ballads is over; robbers, even with patriotism as their watchword, are no longer either admired or tolerated, and modern taste revolts from the bloody thoughts and images contained in those songs. It is not with Klephtic ballads that there can in this day be any possible sympathy; but the muse of New Hellas has left the heights, and has domiciled herself by the hearth. It was a happy thought of a subsequent writer,¹—himself fortunate enough to

behold the freedom of his country secured, and the first fruits of a new dawn appearing—to parody the celebrated war-song of Rhegas, and to call upon the Greeks, *not* to take up arms, but science and learning; *not* to shed the blood of their enemies, but to leave them to ignorance, thus transposing the refrain

"Ἕλληνες ἄγωμεν!
Τὸ αἷμα τῶν ἐχθρῶν
Ἄς ρέουσι πρὸ ποδῶν!"

"Greeks, arise! and let the blood of your enemies flow before your feet,"
into—

"Ἕλληνες ἄγωμεν!
Φῶς ἀναλάβωμεν
Τὸ φοβερόν
Τῆς Ἀμαθείας
Νά μεῖς εἰς τὸν ἐχθρόν."

"Greeks, arise! rekindle the light, and let the burden of ignorance remain with the enemy."

It is however in love-songs and poems of the affections that the muse of New Hellas is most successful; whenever she attempts too high a flight, and indulges in appeals to the mighty past, or in endeavours to recall it, she becomes rhapsodical. Among the writers of lyrics none has hitherto had more power than Christopoulos; unhappily, however, his themes do not always commend themselves, some of his most spirited effusions are Bacchanalian; and although potations are not yet obsolete, songs to the god of wine belong to a society that is past.

But his love-songs have the same easy flow and brightness; they remind us of Horace in their lightness and grace, and of Horace also, in the fact that they seldom show much depth of feeling. They evince a careless joyousness, with a determination to get the best out of life.

There is in one or two a sturdy and witty protest against the advance of age, and the approach of gray hairs being considered any drawback in a lover. *White* is the favourite colour with Eros, the myrtle sacred to

¹ Konstantinos Pikkolos, born in Bulgaria in 1792; died in Paris, 1864.

Aphrodite is *white*, and so too was Leda's swan—with many similar conceits which might serve as arguments for ancient suitors. The following is a crude endeavour to render into English a sparkling little poem entitled, *Fellow Travellers* (Σύντροφοί).

Eros, and old God Time,
And my sweet love and I,
Up hill, in morning's prime,
Together walked one day.

My love she lagged behind
Upon the stony way,
Whilst Eros passed—(unkind !)
With old Time quickly by.

"Dear Eros, why so fast?
Tarry a while I pray.
Will not thy patience last
Throughout one summer's day?"

And then with wings outspread,
As though they meant to fly,
Waving their pinions overhead
They raised them to the sky.

"Friends! Friends! Oh, whither flee ye?
Why this unseemly race?
My love, she cannot, see ye,
Keep up with such a pace."

Then Eros, turning round,
Said, "Such our usual way,
Ever I think 'tis found,
With Time I fly away."

As the sea, after the mountains, is the most marked feature in every scene of Greece, and that which is the source of so much of its beauty, so in its poems, this strong physical characteristic is most prominent. The two following songs from Solomos, the author of the *Hymn to Freedom*—a hymn above the average of such odes—are given as examples. It is to be remarked, in these and other songs, that it is the lady who is lost to, or has left her lover; and in this respect they differ from songs of the same character among ourselves, in which it is the maiden who bewails some youth whom the ruthless sea has swallowed up, or who has gone far away, and whose return seems doubtful.

EURYKOME.

"O sea! when wilt thou bring again Eurykome to me?
Long have I waited on thy shore,
With strained and wearied eyes; O broad deep sea!
Going, and still returning evermore.

"Oh, bear her, bear her to me!" so, longing
Thyrus spoke,
And knelt and kissed the beating wave,
Kissed the salt foam o'er brow and cheek
that broke,
Nor knew he kissed Eurykome's cold grave."

XANTHOULA.

"I saw, I saw Xanthoula,
I saw her yester eve,
As she stepped into the little boat,
When she was taking leave.

"A gentle breeze a-blowing,
Filled the white sails on high,
And they looked like a snowy dove
Opening its wings to fly.

"Her friends stood sadly gazing;
But joy was on her face,
As she waved her kerchief, bidding
Them all farewell with grace.

"And I stood, and heard her farewell,
And the boat it skimm'd away,
And bore her to another shore,
As it glided out of the bay,

"By little, and by little, till
At last I did not know,
If 'twas the foaming sea I saw,
Or the boat with the sails of snow.

"But when both boat and kerchief
Were lost in wave and sky,
Her friends they wept in sorrow;
And silently wept I.

"I wept not for the little boat,
Nor the sails that I saw no more;
I wept for fair Xanthoula,
Who went to a distant shore.

"I wept not for the little boat,
With the snowy sails so fair;
I wept for my Xanthoula,
With the waving golden hair."

As a further illustration of the frequency of this conjoint image—the sea, and the loss of a lady love—I subjoin the following song of Sala-

kostas, entitled "Her Departure"
(ἡ ἀναχώρησις τῆς):—

I woke, they said the much-loved maid was gone.

With the salt waves, evermore
Breaking tideless on that shore,
I held sad converse, making there my moan.

"Ah," sighed the first that gently laved
my feet,

"I bore her on my breast,
Hence now my deep unrest,
And thus I thee in kindred sorrows meet."

"Her eyes were dimmed with tears," I said,
"Oh why?"

To the next wave that onward prest.
Shaking the pearl drops from its crest,
"She left a much-loved youth," it made reply.

"If loved, why did she leave me here to
mourn?"

I asked a third proud wave;
But answer none it gave,
And with loud tossings passed along in
scorn.

The next specimen, *Τὸ Φῶγμα*, is also from the pen of Salakostas. *The Kiss* is one of the most favourite songs of the people, to which class all those already cited may be said to belong. The language or dialect of the people is identical with that of the poets; and whereas prose writers, lecturers, and orators, aim universally to reproduce the Attic and pure classic forms, the colloquial and poetical language (albeit, with some admixture) approximates to a more archaic and Æolic type.

We sat within a bosky glade
Alone, none other nigh;
She was a bright and blooming maid,
But ten years old was I.
"Mary," I whispered full of fear;
"Mary, I do so love thee, dear."

Soft laughter flitted o'er her brow,
She looked me in the eyes;
"Dear child, of love what can'st thou know,
Its tremors, or its sighs?"
"No harm to thee can come from this."
And on my lips long dwelt her kiss.

After long years I sought her, trace
Of memory there was none,
She coldly looked me in the face,
And paused not, but passed on.

Another fills her heart for ever;
But I, that kiss forget not, never, never.

The next is a skilful and fair interpretation of the demeanour of a bashful girl towards her lover, from the pen of Mataragkas, who, unlike the majority of the modern poets, was an Athenian by birth:—

Thy glance, thy lip's deceit denies,
And owns the pulse of love;
'Neath thy cold falsehoods feeling lies,
Maid! timorous as the dove!

Thou hearest each enraptured vow,
With a disdainful smile;
Yet sweetly flits a ruddy glow,
Athwart thy cheeks the while.

Thou giv'st a flow'r with head avert,
And brow downcast and grave;
Then soon thy whispering tones assert,
"Thou'lt keep the flow'r I gave."

When near thee happy moments fly,
Few words thy only boon;
I rise to leave, then say'st thou, "Why
Dost thou depart so soon?"

What heart, and voice, and look betray,
Thou vainly wouldst conceal;
O maid! the sun a golden ray
Through mists will still reveal.

Τὸ Ἄστρον, "*The Star*," with which this slight sketch concludes, is from the pen of a living author, Angelos Vlachos, who has written many plays of merit, and whose comedies especially, contain an inexhaustible fund of mirth and humour.

THE STAR.

Afar in yon blue ether,
One star was shining brightly,
And hand in hand together
We gazed upon it nightly.

We gazed on it together,
Nor saw it e'er apart;
Nor I, nor she, the maiden,
The darling of my heart.

Alas! the hand of death
Hath closed those eyes for ever;
And in the vault of heaven
That star now shineth never.

E. M. EDMONDS.

DEAN STANLEY

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

We print this month two estimates of the Life and Work of the late Dean of Westminster, by writers outside of the Church of England; the one an eminent Frenchman, the Rev. Ernest Fontanés, pastor of the Eglise Réformée consistoriale of Havre; and the other an equally eminent Scotsman, of the Free Church, the Rev. John Service, D.D., of Glasgow.

I.—LE DOYEN DE WESTMINSTER.

Le directeur d'un des grands journaux de Londres demandait, il y a quelques temps, à un Français qui visitait l'Angleterre pour la première fois, quelles étaient ses premières impressions et ce qu'il pensait de ce pays. L'étranger répondit qu'il avait appris à connaître et à aimer le peuple anglais par deux échantillons de choix: le Dean de Westminster et Matthew Arnold. "Oh! ne vous y trompez pas," répliqua sans hésiter le journaliste anglais; "ce ne sont pas des types de notre peuple, ce sont des exceptions; l'anglais est stupide." Je laisse de côté tout ce qu'il y a d'humour et de paradoxe dans ce propos, et je ne relève, dans ce jugement au pied levé, que la profonde admiration pour le doyen Stanley qui était du coup mis hors de pair au milieu de son peuple, comme un exemplaire rare d'une famille d'esprits, qu'il ne fallait pas s'attendre à rencontrer souvent dans la société anglaise. Aussi bien dans le temps où nous vivons, les hommes cultivés qui ont beaucoup voyagé et qui, de bonne heure, ont admiré et médité les chefs-d'œuvre de l'esprit humain chez tous les peuples, ne restent point enfermés dans les fatalités de la race et réalisent dans leur caractère un type moins étroit, moins national que ceux qui vivent de la tradition la plus immédiate sans l'épurer ni la compléter. Je ne crois pas qu'il y ait beaucoup de savants ou de littérateurs qui aient autant voyagé

que Stanley, qui se soient assis à plus de foyers, et qui aient su goûter avec une sympathie plus ingénieuse tout ce qu'il y a de grand, d'original chez les diverses nations. Selon les vieilles coutumes, l'abbé mitré de Westminster n'était tenu qu'à neuf mois de résidence à l'abbaye, et le doyen profitait tous les ans de cette liberté pour *élargir et compléter son horizon intellectuel*, comme il se plaisait à dire. Deux fois il avait visité la Palestine et l'Egypte; toutes les contrées de l'Europe lui étaient familières, et dans l'automne de 1878 il partait pour l'Amérique, et ce voyage fut une longue ovation. Malgré les fatigues de prédications et de réceptions multipliées, il revint rafraîchi et fortifié. La mer n'avait point d'ennuis pour lui; il avait toujours eu un secret attrait pour elle, comme son frère qui était entré dans la marine de l'Etat. La dernière excursion qu'il ait faite sur le continent, si nous ne nous trompons, fut un pieux pèlerinage dans les Cévennes à la pauvre maison d'un des chefs des Camisards, de Roland.

Stanley n'était pas une de ces natures orageuses qu'un démon secret agite, et qui sont poussées par une force invincible, hors d'elles; qui cherchent dans la composition d'une grande œuvre, dans la poursuite de longs desseins, le moyen d'échapper à la guerre intérieure qui les trouble. Historien, il n'a pas découvert, comme Baur, de Tubingue, un de ces fils mystérieux de l'histoire qui permettent de nous re-

connaître au milieu du dédale des légendes et des mythes, de remonter jusqu'aux origines des sociétés, et de ressaisir le caractère et les principes des grands novateurs. C'était plutôt une de ces natures heureuses, tournées vers le dedans, qui, de bonne heure, ont mis à l'unisson toutes leurs facultés, sous le commandement de la conscience, et qui, sous le souffle des divers événements, ne rendent qu'un son divin. L'action de ces hommes est moins facile à saisir et à mesurer par nos moyens d'appréciation toujours un peu matériels. On ne se trouve pas en présence d'une œuvre bien délimitée, d'un principe bien accusé, qui puisse servir à toutes les générations de pierre de touche ou de fanal. Il faut parler de quelque chose de moins palpable, d'une influence, d'un esprit, qui enveloppe les individus comme une atmosphère où s'agitent des germes de vie et des ferments de mort. Mais est-ce vraiment une infériorité? Ne peut-on pas appliquer à ces hommes et à ces caractères la remarque de Bossuet, que la chaleur descend à des profondeurs mystérieuses où la lumière ne pénètre pas, et accomplit des fusions, des transformations, qui donnent lieu à des produits nouveaux? L'œuvre suprême ne consiste-t-elle pas, après tout, à former le caractère humain? et ceux qui ont exprimé dans leur vie une association nouvelle des rayons de l'idéal, qui en ont inspiré le goût à leurs contemporains, n'ont-ils pas inséré dans le tissu de l'être humain des traits qui pourront être effacés, un jour, par le dépôt de nos passions, mais qui font désormais partie du patrimoine de l'humanité? Ce mélange de distinction, de douceur, d'élévation, de vaillance chevaleresque, de culture, et de bonté, qui faisait l'originalité et le charme de la figure du doyen de Westminster ne s'effacera pas dans la nuit comme la vision d'un cerveau malade; le doyen a prêté à ces vertus l'attrait, la puissance de la réalité; et si la forme humaine autour de laquelle elles ont rayonné a disparu, le sceau de vie qu'il leur a imprimé les

protégera contre les insultes de la vulgarité ou de la frivolité. Les hommes de ce caractère sont plus grands que leurs œuvres, et leur influence ne s'arrête pas aux frontières de leurs idées; elle s'étend, radieuse et féconde, jusque sur ceux qui résistent à l'invasion de leur doctrine.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley naquit à Alderley, dans le canton de Chester, le 13 décembre 1815. On dit que, dans son enfance, cet homme que nous avons connu si vif, si ouvert, si gracieux, si prompt à la réplique, causeur charmant, nourri d'anecdotes fines, et toujours prêt à former de nouvelles relations, était particulièrement atteint de ce qu'on a appelé "la manie anglaise," *shyness*, état moral que nous ne connaissons guère de ce côté de la Manche, et qu'on ne peut rendre par un seul mot; mélange de timidité, de réserve, de gaucherie, défaut d'expansion, disposition à rester renfermé en soi-même. Peut-être cette manière d'être tenait-elle à son tempérament frêle et délicat. L'enfant plus rapproché de la nature subit d'une façon plus dure la servitude du tempérament: à mesure que l'esprit se développe et prend conscience de lui-même, s'il est dirigé et encouragé par l'éducation, il s'affranchit progressivement de ces entraves, et entraîne après lui une nature primitivement résistante.

Sans prétendre enlever à l'individualité humaine son mystère, il y aurait de l'injustice à ne pas indiquer le milieu dans lequel s'est développée la personnalité éminente dont nous essayons de conserver l'image. Le père d'Arthur Stanley, après avoir repoussé des nominations flatteuses, pour conserver son poste de recteur d'une paroisse de campagne, auprès du château du chef de la famille, finit par accepter le siège épiscopal de Norwich. "The perversions of men," a-t-il dit, "would have made an infidel of me, but for the counteracting impressions of Divine Providence in the works of nature." Il avait cultivé avec succès les sciences naturelles, et avait composé,

pour la Société de la propagation des connaissances chrétiennes, une *Histoire familière des Oiseaux*. Dans toutes les questions politiques et religieuses, ses sympathies le portaient du côté libéral, et il préférait les idées larges et libérales aux vues étroites et trop rigoureuses. Son isolement ne l'effrayait pas ; il se consolait par la pensée qu'il était un pionnier et qu'il semait pour des jours meilleurs. Il avait peu de goût pour les traités de théologie scolastique qui étaient alors en grand honneur parmi le clergé anglican ; ses lectures favorites étaient les biographies religieuses, qui unissaient à l'indépendance de la pensée des sentiments de piété et de bienveillance pratique. Son titre d'évêque ne l'avait pas ébloui, et il n'avait pas pris les allures et les attitudes de ces ecclésiastiques qui confondent les honneurs qu'on leur témoigne avec le salut de la religion. "I hear a great deal about zeal for the welfare of the Church. I wish I could hear more of anxiety for the welfare of Christianity." Seul entre tous les évêques, il se leva dans la Chambre des Lords pour soutenir la pétition que déposa en 1840 l'archevêque de Dublin, le docteur Whately, pour obtenir des modifications à la formule par laquelle les ecclésiastiques, au moment de leur ordination, déclaraient adhérer aux XXXIX Articles. Dans une autre circonstance il ne montra pas moins de décision et de respect de la liberté de la pensée. Il avait désigné pour remplir les fonctions de chanoine à la cathédrale de Norwich un ecclésiastique qui avait fait des réserves expresses sur les anathèmes du symbole d'Athanase, et sur les termes de la formule d'ordination qui lui paraissait favoriser les prétentions sacerdotales du clergé anglican. Là-dessus grand scandale parmi tous les défenseurs de la stricte orthodoxie ; on lui apporte une pétition pour lui remontrer que les scrupules exprimés par cet ecclésiastique sont un obstacle insurmontable à sa nomination. Sa réponse fut pleine de tact et de finesse. Il déclara qu'il ne prendrait en con-

sidération la protestation que lorsque les signataires lui auraient expliqué, chacun à leur tour, dans quel sens ils prenaient les termes de la liturgie. Que de procès théologiques auraient été prévenus si les autorités compétentes avaient mis en demeure les dénonciateurs de se mettre d'accord avant de rédiger des actes d'accusation !

Sa mère était une personne rare ; pleine de sens et de fermeté, désintéressée et dévouée comme le sont les femmes de cœur, et qui enveloppait toutes les vertus dans cette atmosphère de paix, de calme, si favorable à l'éducation et à l'épanouissement des jeunes âmes. Sydney Smith, si connu par les bons mots et les jugements qu'il frappait comme des médailles, disait d'elle, pour désigner la finesse, la délicatesse de son esprit : "*a porcelain understanding*." Un seul extrait de son journal suffira pour indiquer son point de vue religieux, et l'influence qu'elle a exercée sur son fils.

"Whether my nature was originally corrupt or pure is matter only of speculation or curiosity, as also how it became so. What it is now, what it *must be* to enter a spiritual state, and how it is to become what it *must be*, is a matter of present practical interest. And to my idea, religion consists in suggesting and developing the means, and assisting the mind to discover this, and to cut off the earthly feelings which are uncongenial to the spiritual nature."

A quatorze ans de distance, le même jour, le mercredi des cendres, le doyen perdait sa mère et sa femme. Rien n'est touchant, gracieux, poétique comme la pièce de vers dans laquelle il a uni les amours et les douleurs qui ont rempli son âme.

"My mother—on that fatal day,
O'er seas and deserts far apart,
The guardian genius passed away
That nursed my very mind and heart ;
The oracle that never failed,
The faith serene that never quailed,
The kindred soul that knew my thought
Before its speech or form was wrought.

"My wife—when closed that fatal night,
My being turned once more to stone ;
I watched her spirit take its flight,
And found myself again alone.

The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light."

C'est dans cet intérieur, où tout respirait la paix et l'amour des choses de l'esprit, que grandit le jeune Arthur. Son père présida à ses premières études. Mais à peine avait-il atteint sa treizième année, qu'il fut envoyé à l'école de Rugby, dont le célèbre Arnold venait de prendre la direction. Arnold était un de ces maîtres qui possèdent la qualité maîtresse du pédagogue et de l'homme d'Etat, l'art de se faire obéir. Le secret de l'enthousiasme qu'il inspirait à la jeunesse, c'était un dévouement constant à un idéal de vie morale, dont il saisissait l'imagination de ses élèves. Ils étaient entraînés par l'exemple du maître, qui ne se contentait pas de donner le signal et d'indiquer la route, mais qui marchait en tête du bataillon du devoir. Bien peu d'éducateurs ont laissé une pareille empreinte sur les caractères des enfants qui leur ont été confiés. Stanley sortit de Rugby avec un pli indestructible; son individualité était formée; il n'aura plus qu'à recueillir le fruit des habitudes intellectuelles et morales que son maître lui a fait contracter. Son premier livre sera précisément la biographie d'Arnold. Le sujet lui portera bonheur, et la renommée viendra le prendre par la main au début de la carrière.

De l'école de Rugby, Stanley passa à l'université d'Oxford, où, dès la première heure, il marqua sa place parmi les élèves les plus brillants. En 1837 il remporta un prix pour un poème sur les Bohémiens ("The Gipsies"). Depuis lors il n'a pas cessé de cultiver la poésie; et dans les diverses circonstances de sa vie il aimait à traduire ses sentiments dans cette langue qui met des ailes à nos pensées. Tous les ans, à l'occasion des fêtes chrétiennes, il composait un cantique; et il remarquait que sans trahir des devoirs plus pressants, il voyait ainsi grossir la gerbe dont il n'aurait plus

qu'à réunir les divers épis, pour former un recueil de chants religieux.

Il passa de longues années à Oxford comme *fellow*, puis *tutor* d'un des grands collèges, et en 1845 il fut désigné comme prédicateur attiré de l'université. Nommé en 1851 chanoine de la cathédrale de Cantorbéry, il profita de son séjour dans cette vieille métropole pour écrire un de ses ouvrages qui ont eu le plus de succès, *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*. En 1853 il fut appelé à la chaire d'histoire ecclésiastique à Oxford. Mais avant d'entrer en fonctions, il fit un grand voyage en Orient, particulièrement en Palestine, pour se préparer à placer l'histoire du peuple juif, qu'il voulait raconter à ses étudiants, dans son cadre naturel. Il excelle à rattacher la peinture des lieux aux récits du passé, et il est servi dans sa tâche d'historien et d'archéologue par une imagination vive, qui saisit le côté pittoresque des choses et réussit à vous communiquer les émotions qu'il a lui-même éprouvées. Il a consigné les résultats de son exploration dans un livre intitulé: *Sinai and Palestine*. C'est pendant ces années de professorat qu'il prépara son *History of the Jewish Church*, qui a paru plus tard en trois volumes, et son *History of the Eastern Church*, en un volume. En 1862 il fut chargé par la reine d'accompagner le prince de Galles dans son voyage en Orient, et il a publié sous le nom de *Sermons in the East* les discours très brefs qu'il prononçait chaque dimanche, devant la caravane royale, et dont le sujet était indiqué par le lieu où ils avaient planté leur tente.

En 1863, il fut nommé doyen de l'abbaye de Westminster, haute dignité qu'il devait encore rehausser par la façon dont il comprit les obligations diverses de sa charge. La même année il épousa Lady Augusta Bruce, la sœur de lord Elgin, une des dames d'honneur et une des amies intimes de la reine. Jamais union ne fut plus assortie et plus heureuse. Ce mariage permit au doyen de faire de son salon

un centre de vie sociale et littéraire. La bonté, la grâce pleine de simplicité de lady Augusta, son empressement à accueillir les étrangers, l'art ingénieux qu'elle possédait d'obliger les autres et de faire accepter ses services, le secret évangélique, oserions-nous dire, qu'elle avait d'être toute à tous, sans flatterie ni dissimulation, rendirent l'hospitalité de l'abbaye pleine de charme et d'attrait.

Les relations du doyen avec la cour devinrent peut-être, à partir de ce moment, plus fréquentes et plus intimes ; mais il ne se laissa pas envahir par "cet air amollissant" que sentait Massillon "quand il s'approchait de l'avenue de Versailles," et dont le venin caché se retrouvait dans sa prédication. Le doyen resta vaillant et hardi ; sa pensée ne devint pas plus molle et plus émoluée, et son initiative ne s'affaissa pas sous le poids des dignités. Avec la noblesse de sa nature il comprit que la faveur de la cour n'était pas une tente pour le sommeil, mais un bouclier dont il était couvert pour aller en avant, et continuer les revendications sacrées de la vérité et de la liberté dans l'Eglise et dans l'opinion publique du pays.

S'il mit un soin jaloux à maintenir les privilèges des abbés mitrés de Westminster, et leur indépendance à l'endroit de l'ordinaire, ce n'était pas dans une pensée mesquine de vanité ou de sécurité personnelle, pour contempler du rivage, d'une retraite inaccessible, les luttes déchaînées dans l'Eglise. Rien n'était plus contraire à sa nature généreuse. N'ayant pas à soumettre ses décisions à l'évêque diocésain, il put s'abandonner à tous les élans de son cœur ; il tendit la main aux proscrits, aux suspects, à tous ceux qui avaient des démêlés avec une autorité oppressive, ou avec une opinion publique, égarée par les préjugés et la malveillance. Il se sentait obligé, par sa haute position, à combattre les étroitesse de son Eglise et de son peuple, et à porter en avant le drapeau de la tolérance, de la liberté, de la charité. Quand l'évêque de Port-

Natal se trouva aux prises avec l'ignorance dévote, poursuivi par les dénunciations de ses collègues, qui prétendaient le déposer, il prit noblement sa défense dans la *Convocation*, dans l'assemblée du clergé inférieur de la province de Cantorbéry ; et dans un mouvement admirable d'éloquence et de hardiesse, il prédit à tous ces clercs qu'on aurait depuis longtemps oublié leurs noms et leurs tristes procédés de zéloteurs, qu'on parlerait encore de la sincérité et de l'esprit chevaleresque de l'évêque de Port-Natal. Non content d'avoir pris la défense de l'hérétique, il lui offrit publiquement la chaire de Westminster, en témoignage de son estime. Dans le même esprit de largeur chrétienne et de respect pour toutes les manifestations de la vie morale, il autorisa l'érection, dans le sanctuaire de l'Eglise anglicane, d'un monument aux deux frères Wesley ; il présida lui-même la cérémonie, fit chanter un hymne wesleyen, et invita des ministres wesleyens à prendre la parole. Enfin, pour mettre le comble à ses chrétiennes hardiesses, il donna la communion à un ministre unitaire, qui faisait partie de la commission de révision du Nouveau-Testament, et qui vint avec ses collègues consacrer leurs travaux en célébrant le repas de l'amour.

Un incident qu'on a grossi, et auquel on a prêté des motifs tout à fait étrangers à la nature du doyen, a attiré autour de son nom, parmi les journalistes de notre pays, un éclat fâcheux. Il avait usé du pouvoir souverain que lui conféraient ses fonctions de doyen pour autoriser l'érection d'un monument dans l'enceinte de l'église à la mémoire du Prince impérial. Peut-être ne s'était-il pas assez souvent, dans cette circonstance, de cette réserve de l'homme politique qui ne surveille pas seulement les sentiments qu'il exprime, mais est attentif aussi à ne pas fournir aux passions des hommes l'occasion ou le prétexte de se déchaîner. L'historien et l'homme de miséricorde l'avaient emporté sur toute autre considération. Il s'était souvent que,

pendant la Terreur, une des chapelles de l'abbaye avait reçu la dépouille mortelle d'un prince d'Orléans, un frère du roi Louis-Philippe, et il ne lui déplaisait pas de réconcilier dans la mort, à l'ombre de la croix du Christ, deux familles royales qui avaient rempli ce siècle du bruit de leur rivalité. Trop fier pour céder à des exigences qui lui paraissaient manquer de générosité, malgré une lettre un peu vive, écrite sous le coup de l'atteinte portée aux privilèges du doyen de Westminster, il salua cependant, avec un sentiment de soulagement, le vote du Parlement ; car il avait fini par être inquiet des mesures qu'il pourrait être appelé à prendre pour défendre le sanctuaire de la nation contre des démonstrations violentes. Son seul souci était qu'on se méprît en France sur ses sentiments, et qu'on le soupçonnât de favoriser une intrigue bonapartiste. Aussi fut-il touché de la façon élevée dont l'ambassadeur de France répondit à une députation qui venait, avec plus d'ardeur que de réflexion, irriter la jalousie de la France, en déclarant bien haut qu'il ne pouvait pas s'occuper de cette question qui n'était à aucun titre une question française. "M. Challemel-Lacour," écrivait-il quelques jours après à un ami, "a parlé admirablement."

Les sympathies du doyen pour la France n'étaient pas douteuses ; il les avait exprimées dans une occasion solennelle du haut de la chaire de Westminster, devant le lord-maire, au lendemain de nos désastres, pour encourager ses concitoyens à contribuer largement au ravitaillement de Paris. Alors que tant de voix, en Europe et en Angleterre, s'élevaient avec une joie peu déguisée, "Elle est tombée, Babylone ; elle est tombée !" et que les prédicateurs de morale célébraient les jugements de la Providence, le doyen, en véritable disciple du Christ, rappelait avec beaucoup d'à-propos et de finesse :

"We would remember that those on whom the tower of Siloam fell were not sinners above the rest of mankind. . . ."

Puis il ajoutait dans un magnifique langage :—

"Let us think for a moment of the scene of these unnamed, unnumbered woes—Paris, the capital of France. Let us for once speak of that great city not in its frivolous, but in its nobler aspects—not as the Babylon which made the nations drunk with the cup of her sorceries, but as the Athens of modern refinement, the clear luminous eye of Europe ; not as the Lucifer who made the nations tremble, and scattered terror and desolation over the earth, but as the bright star of the morning, which has heralded the dawn of many a glorious day in the progress of humanity ; not as the city of despotic rule or reigns of terror, of incredulity and of fanaticism, of the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the massacres of September, but as the city of heroic virtues all its own, of saintly and illustrious names, which are the glory of all lands, whose praise is in all the churches."

Quand il eut à choisir dans cette abbaye, où les morts illustres se pressent en rangs si serrés, la place où il ferait déposer le cercueil de sa femme, il choisit la chapelle où reposait le prince de Montpensier. Là, disait-il, il me semble qu'elle sera plus près de cette France qu'elle a tant aimée, plus près des nombreux amis qu'elle comptait dans ce pays.

Plus tard, quand la République sortit triomphante de l'aventure du 16 Mai, il écrivait :

"I congratulate you sincerely on the internal pacification of France. You know that my dear wife and I, *malgré notre affection pour la France*, were Germans in the war of 1870. But you have conquered us with a nobler victory than Waterloo or Sedan. *Viciisti o Gallia* by moderation, by patience, by enlightenment ! France has never been more respected."

La chaire chrétienne, dans les Eglises d'Angleterre ou d'Amérique, n'est pas condamnée, comme dans nos Eglises réformées du continent, aux généralités et aux abstractions ; son champ est plus vaste et moins borné ; rien de ce qui est humain, rien de ce qui peut éveiller un écho dans l'âme humaine, ne lui est étranger. Bien des fois on a relevé le caractère plus vif, plus varié, moins tendu des prédicateurs catholiques, en opposition avec le ton un peu gourmé et pédant

de la chaire protestante, qui ne se permet pas un sourire, de peur de compromettre l'édification. On dirait que les Eglises dont l'acte d'adoration est assuré et préservé contre les imprudences ou les défaillances de la parole individuelle par une antique liturgie, sont moins jalouses de la gravité du sermon, et permettent au prédicateur plus d'abandon, des incursions plus larges dans le monde de l'actualité. Le doyen Stanley ne laissait passer aucun événement important, sans en tirer quelque leçon pour son auditoire ; et le dimanche qui suivait les funérailles d'une de ces illustrations auxquelles il avait ouvert les portes de Westminster, il consacrait son discours à faire le portrait, à raconter la carrière et les services de l'homme de lettres, du clergyman, ou du grand politique que l'Angleterre venait de perdre. Si l'on détachait de leur cadre religieux ces esquisses faites d'un pinceau léger et plein de couleur, on aurait une galerie très variée de portraits vivants, et que n'aurait pas désavoués le crayon plus savant peut-être, mais moins vif de Ste-Beuve.

L'éloquence du doyen—on l'a vu par la courte citation que nous avons faite d'un de ses discours—ne manquait pas d'ampleur et de mouvement ; et si elle appartenait plutôt au genre tempérée, elle était lumineuse et persuasive. Ce n'était pas le coup de tonnerre qui terrasse, ni le coup d'aile qui vous transporte ; mais il s'emparait de votre attention, il vous charmait, vous touchait, vous élevait sur des sommets ensoleillés et sereins, où l'on ouvre la poitrine avec joie à un air vivifiant. Il n'improvisait jamais ; il lisait, avec gravité, avec une force réelle qui étonnait, sortant d'un corps si fragile, mais avec une sorte de monotonie. L'action oratoire manquait de variété et d'abandon ; c'était toujours la même note. Du reste, personne n'avait l'oreille moins musicale que le doyen. Les beautés de l'harmonie étaient pour lui un monde fermé ; il ne s'en cachait pas. On s'étonne qu'un écrivain si abondant et si facile, un *scholar* si ac-

compli, n'ait pas cherché dans l'improvisation cette joie, cet abandon et cette chaleur communicative que la lecture ne pourra jamais donner. Il prétendait que le travail de la pensée, le souci de l'expression le priveraient d'une partie de ses forces oratoires, et ne lui permettraient pas d'accompagner sa parole de la même énergie, du même accent pathétique. En effet, quand je l'ai entendu prononcer un "speech" dans un banquet, je n'ai plus trouvé l'orateur puissant et entraînant ; le travail de la composition absorbait toutes ses facultés, il ne pouvait pas se donner. Les œuvres de Stanley ne sentent pas l'huile ; elles sont venues d'un jet et facilement ; elles ont toute la grâce des productions spontanées. Les qualités qui dominaient en lui, la promptitude de l'intelligence, l'imagination colorée, une *sensibilité pittoresque*, comme a dit un jour lord Beaconsfield dans une allusion manifeste au doyen, ne permettaient pas une longue gestation. Quand il était saisi par un sentiment ou par une idée, il avait à sa disposition tous les moyens de les traduire, de les exprimer sur l'heure ; et comme il ne s'est pas aventuré dans les travaux de spéculation ou de systématisation, il a pu être, sans danger pour sa gloire, un génie prime-sautier.

D'une complexion délicate, de petite taille, son corps semblait n'être qu'un prétexte pour être, et pour retenir son esprit dans le monde visible. La vie des sens n'exerçait sur lui aucune séduction ; elle n'avait pas de prise sur une nature qui n'était accessible qu'aux émotions et aux joies de la vie spirituelle. Au moyen-âge il eut été un grand jeûneur, car sans chercher les mérites faciles de l'ascétisme, il était toujours exposé à oublier les exigences de la bête. Il fallait qu'autour de lui on prévînt ces distractions et ces négligences du corps, qui se venge durement de ceux qui ne s'occupent pas de lui. La table n'était pour lui, comme pour le poète grec, qu'une *entremetteuse d'amitié* ; et il estimait qu'il rentrerait dans les devoirs de sa charge de réunir les hommes que les obligations de la

vie ou les préventions séparent, et de favoriser ces sympathies personnelles qui adoucissent les luttes de partis, et préparent les réconciliations des idées, trop souvent le paravent des plus mesquines questions de personnes.

Il avait un amour singulier pour l'abbaye de Westminster. Tous ses goûts, en effet, y trouvaient leur aliment et leur satisfaction. Sans connaître le fétichisme des vieilles choses, il avait le respect et l'amour de tout ce qui est grand, de tout ce qui a duré, de tout ce qui a reçu l'empreinte des générations passées, de tout ce qui a servi d'abri ou d'étendard, dans le rude combat de la vie, à nos ancêtres ; et s'il y a une grande légèreté à le qualifier de disciple de Darwin, comme l'a fait un journal d'ordinaire mieux informé, il est certain qu'il avait horreur de tout ce qui brise et interrompt l'évolution des sociétés humaines. Son tact historique était blessé par les procédés violents, et il était persuadé que la loi de l'histoire, la condition de la prospérité des sociétés humaines, comme de tous les organismes vivants, c'est la continuité. Il avait l'ambition de faire de Westminster un sanctuaire national, un panthéon pour tous les grands hommes de la nation, un asile pour la prière, pour l'élévation des âmes, un lieu de réunion pour toutes les œuvres d'instruction, de charité, d'ennoblissement. Les dernières paroles qu'on ait pu saisir autour de son lit de mort se rapportaient à cette noble ambition de la dernière période de son ministère. "Je me suis appliqué, à travers bien des faiblesses, à faire de cette institution un grand centre de vie religieuse et nationale dans un esprit vraiment libéral." Il avait pour cette noble abbaye quelque chose du sentiment du prophète pour le mont de Sion ; et il caressait l'espoir que, dans la suite des temps, de toutes les parties de l'Angleterre, on accourrait pour y recevoir enseignement et y nourrir la flamme sainte du patriotisme.

La religion n'était pas pour lui un empire à côté d'un autre empire ; il

cherchait toujours à abaisser les barrières que les clercs élèvent avec un soin jaloux autour de leurs sanctuaires pour en éloigner la vie profane. Il était heureux de voir installée dans cette vieille église de St-Pierre toute l'histoire d'Angleterre avec son mélange de lumière et d'ombre. Il n'avait pas peur que la religion sombrât dans cette invasion de toutes les gloires humaines ; il savait au contraire que de toutes ces vies évoquées par l'imagination des visiteurs, s'élèverait un de ces sentiments de mélancolie et d'admiration tout ensemble, qui enlèvent l'homme aux horizons fermés de la vie sensuelle, et le transportent d'une sainte aspiration dans le royaume de la vie idéale. Tandis que les théologiens atrabillaires couvrent de mépris et d'insinuations malveillantes les vertus qui n'ont pas grandi à l'ombre du dogme et des rites, le doyen se plaisait à retrouver son bien, je veux dire, l'idéal chrétien, parmi ceux qui n'ont pas fait profession explicite de sentiments religieux ; et qui, par l'élévation de leur pensée, par leur dévouement à la justice, à l'honnêteté, par la bienveillance, n'en ont pas moins été de vaillants collaborateurs de l'œuvre de Dieu. Il ne se lassait pas d'être le cicerone de ceux qu'attirait la renommée grandissante de l'abbaye : il en montrait tous les recoins avec une piété filiale, et d'un mot heureux il caractérisait ces grandes mémoires. On ne sera pas étonné qu'il ait voulu concentrer et résumer dans un tableau tous ces souvenirs historiques, et l'Angleterre est fière et reconnaissante d'avoir son livre d'or écrit d'une telle plume. Les *Souvenirs historiques de Westminster* sont venus s'ajouter aux *Souvenirs historiques de Cantorbéry*.

Whig par tradition de famille, il assistait avec une sorte d'inquiétude à l'avènement de la démocratie. Mais il avait puisé dans le commerce avec l'Evangile un sentiment vrai et profond de pitié, d'amour pour les petits, pour ceux qui peinent, et dont la vie pesante manque d'horizon. Trop naïf

et trop fier pour recourir aux procédés malsains par lesquels on capte la popularité de ceux qui souffrent, il attirait autour de sa chaire par l'accent vrai de sa sympathie, à côté des lords et des littérateurs, de nombreux ouvriers qui étaient gagnés par la sincérité de cette parole franche qui leur ouvrait des perspectives nouvelles, et portait leurs desirs vers le monde supérieur de l'avenir, sans prétendre les duper et les river à la glèbe ici-bas. C'était pour lui une joie austère que d'initier ces esprits peu cultivés à un idéal de noblesse, de grandeur qui dépasse la réalité sous laquelle ils sont souvent écrasés, et d'éveiller en eux le désir de quelque chose de supérieur aux appétits. Il avait la conscience d'accomplir ainsi une mission de civilisation, d'éducation morale, qui conservait à l'Evangile ou lui préparait des recrues que les oburgations plus directes ont le secret de mettre en fuite.

De semaine en semaine, pendant l'hiver, ce lettré, cet artiste, ce gentleman accompli, se faisait le conducteur dans l'abbaye d'une bande d'ouvriers ; et après leur avoir adressé une allocution sur quelque détail historique concernant l'histoire de l'abbaye, il leur offrait une tasse de thé, le seul breuvage qu'il aimât avec passion. Ses rapports avec la classe ouvrière, dont ses habitudes et ses travaux littéraires le séparaient, lui étaient particulièrement chers ; et il rappelait avec émotion les témoignages touchants de reconnaissance qu'il avait recueillis de la bouche de ces ouvriers. C'est ce sentiment de compassion et de bienveillance pour l'ouvrier, privé toute la semaine des moyens de cultiver son intelligence et de former son goût, qui l'avait conduit à s'associer aux efforts de ces hommes d'initiative qui réclament, dans l'intérêt de la moralité et de l'ennoblissement du plus grand nombre, l'ouverture des musées et des bibliothèques le jour du dimanche. Sans le moindre grain de chimère ou d'utopie dans l'esprit, il avait, comme les patriciens anglais, le noble souci d'élever les classes inférieures et de

leur témoigner une fraternité efficace. Aussi, toutes les œuvres qui avaient un caractère social lui inspiraient un intérêt tout particulier.

Causeur charmant, d'une mémoire prodigieuse, plein de souvenirs et d'informations exactes sur les personnes et les choses de tout pays, il aimait à répéter des anecdotes ou des mots heureux qui peignaient une situation, illustraient une discussion aride. Quoique le soir de sa vie eût été bien assombri, sa conversation était animée, enjouée même : il était de ces croyants dont la joie de l'esprit mesure la force. Il avait trop de perspicacité pour méconnaître les difficultés et les dangers de l'époque, mais il avait la foi "qui rend présentes les choses qui sont à venir," et il ne doutait pas du triomphe du christianisme libéral dans le siècle prochain. Les échecs que ses principes avaient subis dans plus d'une rencontre au sein de l'Eglise n'avaient pas amorti son optimisme, et il restait serein au milieu des orages que l'indépendance de sa pensée attirait sur sa tête.

Sa prédication n'avait rien d'agressif ni de militant ; il ne faisait pas la critique des dogmes officiels, il les passait sous silence, il les rendait inutiles ; il les renvoyait au musée des antiques comme des engins qui ne portaient plus, comme des ressorts qui n'étaient plus nécessaires pour transmettre le mouvement. Sa nature et ses études historiques l'avaient incliné plutôt vers la théologie *irénique* que vers la *polémique* ; et il s'efforçait de dégager des vieux moules, que la critique historique ou philosophique avait brisés, le parfum de grand prix. "Controversy and party spirit," disait-il, dans une de ses leçons sur les épîtres aux Corinthiens, "may sharpen the natural faculties of shrewdness and disputation ; but few sins more dim the spiritual faculty, by which alone all things are rightly judged." Il était préoccupé avant tout de ramener dans l'enceinte de la religion toutes les conquêtes de la civilisation et de la moralité ; il ne voulait pas laisser se constituer en dehors du

christianisme un idéal de vie morale qui pourrait suffire aux âmes. Persuadé que toute l'évolution morale de l'humanité s'est accomplie sous l'influence de l'esprit de Dieu, il était moins préoccupé de délimiter les frontières du christianisme et de la pensée indépendante, que de composer le patrimoine spirituel de l'humanité de "toutes les choses qui sont véritables, qui sont respectables, qui sont justes, celles qui sont pures, qui sont aimables, qui sont bienveillantes."

Ce texte de l'épître aux Philippiens revenait souvent dans ses discours officiels ou dans l'entretien familial; il était à ses yeux la formule consacrée de ce christianisme large qui absorbe et pénètre tout ce qui est humain.

Dès qu'il s'agissait de prendre la défense d'un hérétique ou de signaler l'étroitesse et l'incohérence des formulaires de l'Eglise, personne n'était plus prompt à l'assaut, plus vif dans l'attaque: chevalier sans peur ni reproche, il descendait dans l'arène, la visière levée, sans se demander s'il était escorté ou s'il était seul; et les insultes ou les grognements de la majorité ne le troublaient pas; il accomplissait sa démonstration avec cette lucidité d'exposition, cette richesse d'arguments historiques et cette noblesse de sentiments qui rendaient la réfutation de ses idées plus difficile que l'explosion des murmures; et il était plus commode de lui opposer des *moines* que des *raisons*.

Dans ces trente dernières années il ne s'est pas livré une bataille théologique sans que le doyen de Westminster n'ait porté son drapeau au feu, avec ce courage contenu qui ne se laisse pas emporter parmi les pièges et les embûches du parti ennemi, mais qui ne recule jamais. Tous ces morceaux achevés de polémique, qui forment une page importante de l'histoire religieuse du XIX^e siècle en Angleterre, ont été réunis sous le nom d'*Essays on Church and State*.

Sur le problème, tous les jours plus aigu, des rapports de l'Eglise et de l'Etat, il avait adopté les principes de son maître bien-aimé. Le docteur

Arnold soutenait que l'Eglise et l'Etat avaient le même but, l'écrasement du mal (*the putting down of moral evil*); et que par conséquent ce n'étaient pas deux sociétés distinctes, mais une seule. Réduire l'Etat au rôle de pourvoyeur des fins matérielles de l'homme, le dépouiller de son caractère moral, lui refuser toute action sur le développement spirituel de l'humanité, Arnold flétrissait cette théorie du nom de *jacobine*; et il la combattait avec autant d'indignation que la prétention superstitieuse et anti-chrétienne des clercs de se dérober aux lois du pays et de confier le gouvernement de l'Eglise à une succession de prêtres revêtus de pouvoirs divins. Si cette théorie était appliquée rigoureusement, le droit de cité dans l'Etat ne pourrait être attribué qu'aux chrétiens seuls; et l'on sait, en effet, qu'Arnold refusait obstinément aux juifs l'exercice des droits politiques en Angleterre. Cependant, il est permis de penser que le docteur Arnold était dominé dans cette question par l'horreur des tendances sacerdotales, et qu'il cherchait dans cette union de l'Eglise et de l'Etat les moyens de préserver l'Eglise de la tyrannie du clergé, et de la maintenir en communication constante avec l'opinion publique. En tous cas, c'est bien dans cet esprit que le doyen a appliqué les principes de son maître. Il était trop jaloux de la sincérité et de l'indépendance de la pensée pour vouloir imposer des sentiments et des croyances qui relèvent de la conscience individuelle, comme conditions de la vie politique; et hier encore, tout en déplorant l'occasion et la manière dont la question se posait, il était convaincu que le moment était venu d'abolir le serment religieux que tout député était obligé de prononcer en entrant dans la Chambre des Communes.

Les corps purement ecclésiastiques étaient suspects au doyen: dans ses études sur l'Eglise d'Orient il avait été conduit à dévoiler toutes les turpitudes, les intrigues, et les violences qui avaient présidé aux Conciles des quatrième et cinquième siècles; et il ne

pouvait pas consentir à se prosterner devant les Pères comme devant les interprètes inspirés du christianisme. Volontiers il aurait dit avec Bacon que ce n'était pas la douce et pure colombe qui avait plané sur ces assemblées, mais les vautours rapaces qui s'assemblent là où sont les corps morts.

Il ne se contentait pas de répéter avec un des XXXIX Articles que "les Conciles ne sont pas infallibles ;" il ajoutait que, par la nature même de leur composition, ils *doivent* être faillibles. La constitution de l'Eglise et la forme de son gouvernement n'avaient à ses yeux de valeur et de prix, qu'autant qu'elles assuraient le développement de la vie morale et l'indépendance de l'esprit. Le Conseil privé de la reine, composé de juriconsultes éprouvés et prudents, le Parlement avec l'élite de la nation, lui inspiraient plus de confiance que les Conciles, Synodes ou Convocations ; et en vérité on ne peut s'empêcher de partager son indifférence pour ces réunions du clergé où, après avoir discuté avec passion sur les vêtements sacerdotaux, sur la position du prêtre devant l'autel, au moment de la communion, on proposait, l'autre jour, de protester solennellement contre l'immodestie des vêtements de femme. Il était frappé de ce fait que la juridiction du Conseil privé de la reine était attaquée par tous ceux qui désiraient établir leur tyrannie dans l'Eglise ; et il faisait remarquer que ces revendications bruyantes de l'indépendance de l'autonomie de l'Eglise s'étaient produites au moment où les prétentions sacerdotales s'étaient affirmées avec le plus d'arrogance. La situation des Eglises libres d'Ecosse, où le pasteur est souvent à la merci des gros souscripteurs ou du tailleur du coin qui décerne les brevets d'orthodoxie et remplit les fonctions de grand inquisiteur, ne pouvait pas le convertir au système presbytérien. Dans l'état actuel de l'Angleterre, il craignait que la séparation de l'Eglise et de l'Etat ne livrât l'Eglise à l'étroitesse et à la

médiocrité ; des conseils de paroisse ne lui semblaient pas offrir autant de garanties que le Parlement ; et comme il ne demandait aux représentants de la nation que d'adapter progressivement l'établissement national aux besoins du temps présent, et qu'il ne prétendait pas les transformer en Concile pour définir la foi, il restait convaincu que l'organisation actuelle favorisait mieux que toute autre le progrès, la libre recherche, la sincérité et l'expansion de la vie chrétienne. Sans vouloir modeler l'Eglise sur ses idées, comme un doctrinaire absolu, et tout en tenant compte des faits accomplis, des habitudes prises, il avait le désir de corriger les injustices commises, de combler les fossés, de rapprocher les diverses sociétés religieuses, de rendre l'Eglise anglicane plus ouverte, plus habitable, plus accueillante pour ceux qui en avaient été brutalement expulsés par l'*acte d'uniformité* en 1662.

Mieux inspiré que les défenseurs passionnés de l'Eglise, qui relèvent les pont-levis et s'enferment dans les anciens retranchements, il voulait réconcilier la nation et les esprits libéraux avec les privilèges de l'Eglise établie et faire d'elle le "home" spirituel de tout le peuple. Dans cette intention il demandait pour tous les dissidents le libre usage des lieux de culte à d'autres heures que celles des services officiels, et dans maintes circonstances il avait tenté d'ouvrir l'abbaye à des membres du clergé d'une autre Eglise, comme au révérend Caird, de l'Eglise établie d'Ecosse, au docteur Moffat, le célèbre missionnaire, et même à des laïcs, comme Max Müller, qui avait eu l'honneur de donner ses conférences sur *l'origine et le développement de la religion* dans la chambre du Chapitre de Westminster. Tout ce qui était étroit, mesquin, sectaire, lui était odieux : l'atmosphère nauséabonde et pesante des sacristies, des vieilles églises, répugnait à ce gardien enthousiaste de l'antique abbaye ; il aimait les larges horizons et les courants d'air pur.

Oh ! sans doute, il comprenait le désir de l'auteur de l'*Imitation*, et il serait allé volontiers s'asseoir à ses côtés *in angulo cum libello* ; mais il demandait à ouvrir la fenêtre du cloître sur l'immense nature et sur l'histoire humaine, qui toutes deux sont aussi des révélations de Dieu.

Une Eglise d'où l'on est forcé de sortir à la moindre dissidence d'opinion, qui n'est pas assez souple pour se prêter aux transformations de la pensée, et qui proscriit tous ceux qui ne peuvent pas souscrire à tous les articles du *Credo*, quels que soient son nom, sa gloire ou le nombre de ses fidèles, n'est, au fond, qu'une secte, elle ne peut pas prétendre embrasser toute la nation dans son sein. L'existence de partis divers et quelquefois hostiles, dans le même établissement ecclésiastique, ne l'effrayait pas comme une menace pour la prospérité et la durée d'une Eglise. L'Eglise anglicane en particulier, qui s'est formée et constituée sous la main du pouvoir politique, qui a été l'œuvre de compromis destiné à ménager une transition laborieuse et à prévenir des retours, longtemps redoutés, aux superstitions romaines—l'Eglise anglicane, selon lui, perdrait sa raison d'être et sa physionomie le jour où toutes les différences de pensée et de culte seraient courbées sous un niveau égalitaire, sans respect pour la liberté de la conscience. Aussi, bien que le mouvement ritualiste lui parût un peu puéril, et que les prétentions sacerdotales, avec leur accent affecté et leurs déclamations redondantes, fussent particulièrement antipathiques à cet esprit fin, qui ne se piquait de rien, comme un vrai honnête homme du XVII^e siècle, il n'approuvait pas les mesures de coercition qu'on employait pour les réduire. Sans souscrire à la casuistique et aux interprétations bien subtiles que ce parti emprunte à la tradition romaine, il rappelait que la lettre du *Prayer-Book* et les oscillations des articles de foi pouvaient autoriser des pratiques ou des affirmations qui ne s'accordaient guère avec

le véritable esprit de la Réforme ; mais il estimait qu'il était imprudent de vouloir resserrer les frontières de l'Eglise, et que la liberté était un bien assez précieux pour être achetée ou conservée au prix de quelques orages ou de quelques excentricités. Cependant, il surveillait ce mouvement avec une vigilance inquiète, et il se demandait souvent si ce parti creusait un fossé ou jetait un pont entre l'Eglise anglicane et l'Eglise romaine.

Il a fallu toute la frivolité française et l'ignorance de l'histoire de l'Eglise anglicane, pour laisser tomber un soupçon sur un caractère aussi pur, et l'accuser de manquer de sincérité en conservant ses fonctions dans une Eglise dont il ne professait pas toutes les doctrines traditionnelles. L'uniformité dogmatique n'a jamais régné dans l'Eglise anglicane ; et parmi les plus grands noms, les plus vénérés, les plus pieux, on peut citer plus d'un hérétique. Il y aurait une souveraine injustice à comparer ces clergymen qui nourrissaient leur prédication de la moëlle de l'évangile, avec nos abbés de cour du dix-huitième siècle, hommes de plaisir, coureurs de ruelles, et qui n'avaient de religieux que le costume et le titre. Du reste, depuis l'acte du Parlement de 1865, le joug des formulaires a été singulièrement allégé ; l'ecclésiastique n'est plus mis en demeure, au moment de l'ordination, de déclarer qu'il adhère sans réserve à tout ce qui est contenu dans le *Prayer-Book* ; il n'est pas tenu de professer que les XXXIX Articles ne renferment rien de contraire à la parole de Dieu. A ce serment si précis, le Parlement a substitué la déclaration qu'on adhère à la doctrine de l'Eglise anglicane contenue dans le *Prayer-Book* et les Articles dans un sens général, et sans insister sur toutes les doctrines qui peuvent se rencontrer dans les formulaires. Le doyen estimait que cette adhésion vague et sans couleur équivalait à l'entière abolition de toute signature ; et il invitait le chef du ministère libéral à prendre l'initiative de cette mesure qui devait

rendre à la conscience protestante sa souveraineté. L'histoire, et l'histoire de l'Eglise anglicane plus que toute autre peut-être, est là pour prouver que le régime des confessions est un *nid à parjures*, comme le disait le marquis de Lansdowne en quittant Oxford.

Stanley était le représentant le plus en vue de la *Broad Church*; mais il n'était pas le chef d'un parti. La *Broad Church* (l'Eglise large) n'a ni les intérêts, ni la discipline, ni le shibboleth d'un parti. Elle ne cherche pas à se constituer à part, à se retirer dans ses retranchements; elle est ouverte à tous sans condition, et elle est toujours prête à s'unir aux autres partis pour travailler ensemble au triomphe du bien et de la vérité. Le libéralisme, dans toutes les sphères, est bien moins un corps constitué de doctrines, qu'une manière d'aborder les problèmes de l'esprit et une influence morale. Mis en présence des masses disciplinées, des partis dogmatiques, il paraîtra manquer de cohésion, incapable d'accomplir des mouvements d'ensemble; mais il n'est jamais plus redoutable qu'au lendemain d'une défaite, et il se répand dans la société, jusque dans les rangs ennemis, comme une vapeur insaisissable, qui amollit les résistances et fait mettre bas les armes. Stanley, d'ailleurs, était trop artiste, trop ondoyant, trop délicat, trop respectueux des nuances d'opinion, et de l'indépendance des caractères, pour donner une consigne et imposer la discipline, sans laquelle il n'y a pas de parti puissant. Il pouvait être un excitateur des esprits, un porte-drapeau; mais il n'avait ni les aptitudes ni les faiblesses d'un chef d'école. C'était un brillant tirailler qui ne prenait pas de mot d'ordre, et qui choisissait son moment pour entrer en ligne. Quand ses amis concurrent le projet de réunir dans un volume et de lancer dans le public une série d'articles animés de l'esprit moderne, il comprit tout de suite que c'était faire le jeu de l'ennemi, et lui indiquer le lieu où il devait envoyer ses bombes; il ne colla-

bora pas aux *Essays and Reviews*. Mais quand le feu fut ouvert, il ne resta pas sous sa tente, et il apporta au secours de ses amis et de la liberté menacée, sa plume alerte et vaillante. Ce trait suffit à marquer ce mélange de finesse, de prudence et de hardiesse qui prête à cette physionomie une originalité attrayante.

L'esprit et le cœur chez lui étaient vraiment *catholiques* au sens étymologique du mot; il savait découvrir, chez les hommes et dans les partis les plus contraires, la parcelle de vérité qui se cache sous des amas de superstitions et de grossièretés, et il la mettait en lumière avec joie, comme un habile orfèvre s'attache à bien sortir le diamant qu'il a taillé. Il y mettait une sorte de coquetterie; et l'on était tenté de lui reprocher, comme au pieux Neander, de ne présenter au lecteur que des bergeries charmantes sans le moindre loup rôdant aux alentours. Il savait trop comment les dogmes naissent et meurent pour nous proposer la chimère dont se sont éprises les imaginations catholiques, d'une doctrine qui a été professée toujours, partout et par tous; mais il aimait à retrouver sous des expressions et des costumes divers, ces sentiments éternels qui sont la substance de l'âme humaine, et qui nous consolent et nous fortifient, au milieu des cris discordants des disputes théologiques, comme la douce mélodie d'un chant de notre enfance. Son cœur aimant et doux, où n'habita jamais le ressentiment, inspirait cette largeur de l'intelligence; et il appliquait aux personnages, comme aux idées du passé, cette courtoisie, cette bienveillance, cette charité "qui ne soupçonne pas le mal," et qui présidait à tous ses rapports avec les contemporains.

Dans toutes les Eglises, ses sympathies le portaient du côté de ceux qui souffraient, qui sont opprimés et persécutés. Partout où il distinguait un ferment de vie, un effort pour secouer le linceul de la routine, pour serrer la vérité de plus près, pour affranchir l'âme humaine, il encourageait du geste

et de la voix les pionniers, les initiateurs. Il ne mesurait pas son intérêt à la conformité avec ses vues, et il jugeait les hommes et les Eglises bien moins sur leur *Credo* que sur leur caractère et leur dévouement aux biens invisibles. Bien différent de ces radicaux d'en bas et d'en haut qui dédaignent les petits commencements et les petits progrès, qui croient trahir la vérité s'ils n'obtiennent pas d'un coup toutes les réformes, il se souvenait de la sagesse du vieil Hésiode disant que *"celui-là est bien fou qui ne préfère pas la moitié au tout."* Aussi personne n'a témoigné plus d'intérêt et d'admiration à l'œuvre du Père Hyacinthe, non qu'il la trouvât suffisante et définitive, mais parce qu'elle réintroduisait dans l'organisme pétrifié de l'Eglise romaine un souffle de sincérité et d'indépendance. L'ouvrier, plus encore que l'œuvre, l'avait ravi, et il lui appliquait les beaux vers de Milton sur l'ange Abdiel :

..... "Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unfrighted,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal :"

..... "well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence."

Tous ceux qui du dedans essayaient d'élargir les Eglises et de combattre l'ultramontanisme avaient droit à ses encouragements. L'ultramontanisme, en effet, est l'ennemi le plus menaçant de la religion de notre temps ; il peut rallier les masses superstitieuses et organiser des processions, des démonstrations ; mais il étend une ombre délétère sur la religion de l'esprit ; il perpétue et consacre la confusion de la religion et de la superstition qui a provoqué tant de malentendus et de fureurs inutiles. Or, l'ultramontanisme n'est pas une maladie propre à l'Eglise de Rome ; nous le retrouvons dans toutes les Eglises qui placent

hors de la conscience, au-delà du sanctuaire divin, les appuis et les raisons d'être de la foi. Aussi ceux qui s'efforcent de secouer le joug pesant de l'autorité et du formalisme, de réveiller l'esprit, ne sont pas les ennemis de la religion ; ils l'élèvent au-dessus des grossières atteintes des niveleurs et des matérialistes. Ceux-ci ne s'y trompent pas, et les adversaires auxquels ils réservent toute leur malveillance, ce sont ces hérétiques que l'Eglise veut rejeter de son sein et qui ouvrent à la religion un nouvel avenir, en la débarrassant des parties mortes sous lesquelles elle succombe. Il serait peut-être plus commode à ceux qui n'ont pas la faveur des prêtres et du troupeau qu'ils conduisent, de secouer la poussière de leurs pieds sur une société qui s'enveloppe de son drapeau pour en faire un linceul ; mais ils trahiraient un poste difficile, où ils doivent se maintenir pour rallier les nouvelles générations qui ne veulent pas sacrifier à un pouvoir suranné et despotique l'indépendance de leur pensée, et qui ne savent à quelle source aller se désaltérer.

Je ne sache pas que Stanley ait traité, directement et à fond, la question des miracles. Ce n'était pas sa tactique d'attaquer de front des problèmes aussi complexes, et qui impliquent des solutions philosophiques très nettes. Il s'efforçait d'enlever à ces questions, qu'on jette souvent dans le public mal préparé comme un épouvantail, leurs côtés tragiques, et d'apaiser tout à la fois les angoisses de la piété et les indignations des savants. Il désintéressait la piété de ce problème critique et historique, et il n'irritait pas la science en l'arrêtant devant les faits qu'elle ne peut pas vérifier. "Miracles," dit Fuller, "are the swaddling clothes of the infant Church," et il est insensé de vouloir imposer à l'homme les vêtements de son enfance ; ils sont trop étroits depuis qu'il a grandi. Son christianisme n'avait pas besoin d'être couvert par un pavillon surnaturel ; il éveillait un écho dans l'âme, il posait d'aplomb sur la conscience, et pour

être respecté, il n'avait pas besoin de tenir à distance l'examen, l'enquête, comme s'il avait une grandeur d'emprunt.

Le doyen ne connaissait pas le mouvement inauguré en France par M. Renouvier ; mais par d'autres voies il était arrivé aux mêmes conclusions. La métaphysique lui semblait un marécage enveloppé de brumes, où l'on ne peut bâtir solidement, et où le regard n'embrasse que des ombres. Il se repliait avec confiance sur le terrain moral ; et il retrouvait la joie, la certitude dans les grandes affirmations de la conscience. Il faudra bien qu'un jour les lecteurs sérieux de la Bible en viennent à reconnaître que la religion de Jésus n'est ni un instrument de diplomatie théologique, tel que les Conciles l'ont fabriqué, ni une série de pratiques et de rites exigeant l'intervention sacerdotale. Il faudra bien qu'on cesse d'aligner des déclarations dogmatiques pour établir la richesse de la religion chrétienne, et que l'on se contente de retrouver dans nos Evangiles un principe fécond, d'où est sortie une floraison morale. Tant qu'un chrétien se confiera au Père céleste, et s'efforcera de réaliser l'idéal que la parole et la vie de Jésus ont fait monter sur le ciel de l'humanité, il ne sera pas permis de l'accuser d'appauvrir son Eglise, et de la lancer, comme un navire désemparé, sur l'abîme sans boussole et sans gouvernail.

Ce christianisme moral, spirituel, que prêchait le doyen, et qu'il aimait à retrouver jusque dans l'antiquité païenne, comme saint Augustin, a été dénoncé comme nuageux, manquant de précision ; et les docteurs de la loi passent auprès de lui en hochant la tête d'un air profond et s'écrient : "Ce n'est pas un christianisme positif." Qu'est-ce à dire ? L'orthodoxie la plus ombrageuse s'accorderait-elle avec l'école de philosophie qui a pris ce terme pour étiquette et qui prétend ignorer tout ce qui ne peut pas se prêter à une vérification sensible ? Est ce vraiment l'ambition de l'ortho-

doxie de nous offrir un christianisme qui n'exige que des sens bien exercés, un raisonnement bien subtil, pour saisir ses titres et emmagasiner ses richesses ? Ah ! si le christianisme positif est synonyme d'un christianisme matériel, je ne comprends plus rien à la tragédie de Golgotha ni à l'insurrection de la Réforme : les Phari-siens du premier siècle et les prêtres du seizième fournissaient sur le marché public une religion bien positive, et il n'était point nécessaire de les chasser à coups de fouet !

En vérité, il serait bien temps que les chrétiens voulussent bien reconnaître que les réalités morales et spirituelles sont plus positives que celles des sens ; et "si l'humanité a besoin," comme l'a dit Goethe, "de quelque chose de positif, que l'on choisisse une bonne fois ce qui est juste et vrai."

Ce reproche révèle une entière ignorance du milieu dans lequel nous vivons, et des conditions nouvelles que les découvertes scientifiques ont faites aux vieilles expressions de la foi chrétienne. Quand l'ancienne philosophie, qui a prêté ses formules, ses moules à l'expérience, à la vie chrétienne, est brisée comme la statue antique — *disiecta membra* — demande que tous ceux qui ont constaté cette situation intellectuelle élèvent sur l'heure un système complet, l'exigence paraît un peu excessive de la part de ceux qui marmottent les vieilles litanies du passé, sans prêter l'oreille aux craquements sinistres qui se font entendre dans la vieille Eglise. Certainement Stanley n'a été ni un Calvin ni un Schleiermacher. Mais combien sont-ils, à travers les siècles, les esprits puissants qui bâtissent pour leurs contemporains ces asiles d'un jour ? Et quand on a heurté sur le seuil de ce siècle tant de ruines et de systèmes brisés, on se demande s'il ne suffit pas à l'ambition humaine d'avoir été au milieu de sa génération le souffle léger et frais qui, après une nuit suffocante, ramène l'aurore.

S'il est vrai que dans ce monde la

grandeur est consacrée par l'insulte et l'outrage, la mémoire du doyen de Westminster n'a rien à envier aux plus illustres. Sa tombe n'était pas encore fermée, que le journal le plus ardent du parti ritualiste *The Church Times*, avec un cynisme qu'on pardonnerait seulement à un bateleur, comparait le zèle et le goût de ce noble gardien des gloires de l'Angleterre à l'habileté de cette Madame Tussaud, qui a réuni dans un musée de cire, pour repaître la curiosité malsaine du public, les célébrités de toute espèce de cette époque si troublée.

Les funérailles du doyen ont été célébrées au milieu d'un concours inusité d'assistants, depuis la famille Royale, et les illustrations de la politique, de l'art, et de la littérature, jusqu'aux députations d'ouvriers. Parmi les couronnes et les bouquets de fleurs qui couvraient le cercueil et le sol de la chapelle d'Henri VII. où la cérémonie s'est terminée, on en remarquait une qu'avaient envoyée quelques protestants français, avec cette inscription : *Au vaillant apôtre de l'unité de l'esprit par le lien de la paix.*

Le soir de la vie, comme celui de la journée, est toujours enveloppé de mélancolie ; la grande ombre qui s'allonge sur la route de l'homme, sur ses travaux et ses affections, éveille dans les cœurs un bruit de regrets et de sanglots. Le couchant a beau être empourpré des promesses glorieuses du lendemain, il laisse toujours dans l'âme la tristesse inséparable de tout ce qui finit. Ce n'était pas seulement le départ prématuré de celle qui avait été l'ornement de sa demeure, la force et la joie de sa maturité, qui rendait le Doyen inquiet et pensif ; mais il n'avait pas vu se lever dans l'Eglise le jour béni de la pacification et de la liberté de l'esprit ; l'idée qu'il avait entrevue dans sa jeunesse, aux pieds de son maître, à laquelle il avait consacré toute l'ardeur de son âme, tous les efforts de sa vive intelligence, avait subi plus d'un échec ; et elle semblait se voiler derrière un gros nuage tout

chargé de préjugés et de passions contraires. Il avait l'intuition que le terrain de la lutte allait être déplacé et que les questions se poseraient avec une sorte de brutalité, sans le respect des nuances ni des positions acquises, comme il arrive dans les époques démocratiques où *Monsieur tout le monde* se précipite sur l'objet de ses haines avec la fureur du taureau. Si le progrès libéral dans ses plus lointaines conséquences n'effrayait pas son esprit, il avait un tempérament et des manières aristocratiques ; et il n'aimait pas voir employer la hache ou l'épée pour trancher les nœuds de l'histoire. Si quelque transformation radicale dans l'état de l'Eglise s'était accomplie de son vivant, il n'aurait pas consenti à descendre dans une arène inconnue ; et il se serait réfugié dans ses chères études historiques, tout en accompagnant de ses sympathies les efforts des nouveaux lutteurs. Peut-être est-il mort à l'heure opportune, avant d'avoir été dépassé par le mouvement qui gronde et se prépare dans des couches où jusqu'alors en Angleterre on n'avait songé à chercher que des comparses et non pas des *leaders*.

Il est tombé aux avant-postes, revêtu de son armure brillante, ralliant autour de sa parole l'estime, l'admiration de tous ceux qui ont le souci de la dignité de l'âme humaine. La vieillesse, celle du moins qui appesantit les ailes de l'imagination et couvre d'une buée terne la palette des artistes, ne l'avait pas effleuré encore, malgré toutes les fatigues qu'il imposait à un corps délicat ; il est mort en pleine activité, au lendemain de prédications émouvantes sur les *beatitudes*, et laissant comme son testament théologique un article dont il corrigeait les épreuves, au milieu des atteintes du mal qui devait le terrasser, sur la *confession de foi* de *Westminster*.

On se demande avec inquiétude si la mort de Stanley ne marquera pas, dans l'histoire de l'Eglise anglicane, une de ces heures solennelles où l'on tourne un coin de la route, où il faut dire

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adieu à l'espoir des solutions pacifiques et libérales, et où l'on aperçoit, au milieu de malentendus envenimés par l'ignorance et la passion, la religion et la science se préparant à un duel tragique. L'Eglise n'a-t-elle pas commencé à rompre tous les ponts avec la société civile, avec la conscience de ce temps, telle que l'ont faite les travaux, les recherches des savants? Sous prétexte de ne pas se laisser envahir et pénétrer par l'esprit d'incroyance ne va-t-elle pas s'enfermer dans ses vieilles cathédrales, dont le moyen-âge avait fait des châteaux-forts, et où elle se laisse assiéger par le monde moderne? L'Eglise qui, tant de fois, s'est comparée à l'arche flottant sur les eaux pour recueillir les naufragés, ne serait-elle pas mieux inspirée en coupant les câbles qui la retiennent au rivage du passé, et des pouvoirs établis, et en ouvrant ses voiles au vent pour aller au-devant de destins nouveaux qui ne peuvent être effrayants, puisque le vent vient de Dieu et que le courant porte à lui?

S'il fallait, pour résumer cette esquisse trop hâtive, choisir une épitaphe qui pût être gravée sur la tombe du *dean* pour rappeler sa physionomie douce et pensive et pour caractériser son œuvre théologique, je proposerais cette parole du célèbre non-conformiste, le pieux Baxter :

"I would rather be a martyr for love than for any other article of the Christian Creed."

ERNEST FONTANÉS.

II.—CHURCHMEN OF THE TIME: DEAN STANLEY AND DR. WATSON.¹

VERY little, comparatively speaking, now remains of that old leaven of the Pharisees which did not allow it to be thought that there could be eminent goodness apart from ecclesiastical office and connection. So little of that old leaven is still active, that if any

apology has ever to be made in ecclesiastical assemblies for mentioning the name of anybody not mentioned in Scripture, it is perhaps rather in the case of clergymen than in that of laymen. Our modern ecclesiastical authorities are ready to canonize in their discourses every sort of merit, even every sort of success, however remote from the ecclesiastical sphere may have been that in which it has been exhibited or achieved. And of this no complaint need be expressed except where more account happens to be made of the prospects of sects than of the progress of mankind. It is an outcome and expression of the feeling which our modern habits of thought have deepened if not created, that the welfare and well-being of the human race, the cause of civilisation and of religion itself, require for their advancement many forms of human activity besides those that are distinctively ecclesiastical or religious.

On the other hand, priestly and clerical influence being everywhere on the wane, it is more widely felt than it used to be that too much has been made of clerical and priestly offices when every holder of one, however feeble or commonplace personally, has been treated, at least at his death, and in a funeral sermon, as if he were a memorable historical character; while members of other professions, better entitled to a place in the recollection of mankind, have been allowed to go down to the grave without funereal lament, in prose or verse. Partly on this account, partly because to a common mode of thought a great deal of clerical activity since almost the first days of the Christian church, has been such as the world could well have spared, any testimony which is borne to the merits of ecclesiastical personages is certain to be received in many quarters with suspicion and reserve. It is perhaps, however, only the more useful or more requisite in these circumstances, to recognise genuine worth

¹ A Lecture delivered in the Cathedral, Glasgow, August 15, 1881.

and excellence when it does occur in the ecclesiastical sphere, when there can be no dispute as to its quality, when it is certain that it has been attained and exhibited, not only with advantage to a sect or party, but with profit to mankind. Every kind of greatness has its own peculiar contribution to make to the influences which bear upon the progress and elevation of the race—not least that kind of greatness, rare perhaps but memorable, which is shown in performing sacred offices in a spirit worthy of them—one the reverse of all that is mean, and insincere, cowardly, and time-serving. A great many of our doctors of divinity, reverend, very reverend, right reverend ecclesiastical fathers, may safely, no doubt, be allowed to drop into oblivion after a funeral sermon has commemorated once for all their virtues and their talents. But there are here and there men belonging to the clerical order whose name and whose character and labours cannot be too well or too long remembered. And of this description certainly were two men, friends and kindred spirits, over whom the grave has just closed, and who have left behind them, for the consolation of multitudes of friends and for the benefit of the world, the recollection of distinguished, even illustrious worth, with regard to whom, therefore, it would be appropriate to quote that ancient Christian exhortation: "Remember them that had the rule over you, which spake unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith."

It was perhaps as much as by anything by his readiness to associate with the Presbyterian clergy in Scotland, and to fraternise with the representatives of all sects in England, and indeed throughout the world—it was perhaps by this as much as by anything that the late Dean Stanley became the most famous English ecclesiastic of his day. He despised in this fashion prejudices still lingering in his Church, and the obloquy which was the consequence

of despising them, and it was counted to him for righteousness and common sense. When they build his sepulchre in Westminster, they should write upon it for one thing, "Here lies one who supposed that other Christians than those belonging to the Church of England might be saved, and who never doubted and therefore never said that there might be 'some devout persons among the Dissenters.'" It is hardly conceivable to us here in Scotland, but I suppose it is beyond doubt true, that just as he was the most popular of English Churchmen among Dissenters, so by multitudes of Churchmen there was no man of his day more heartily detested, or more persistently abused and vilified; and that that which above all procured him this honour (for it was such), was his familiar and friendly relations with Dissenters—Presbyterians, Non-conformists, Wesleyans, Old Catholics. I shall not, however, lay stress upon this point as if it were a really wonderful thing for a man of genius and extraordinary culture to surmount prejudices which seem better suited to the meridian of Lochaber or Stornoway than to that of Oxford or Cambridge. I mention it only as an illustration of that which was most characteristic of the man, viz. the sincerity, earnestness, enthusiasm, with which he adopted, cherished, vindicated modern habits of thought respecting moral, and religious, and ecclesiastical questions as compared with those which time and modern science have hopelessly antiquated. It is from this point of view, and this only, that I wish to note the moral of an illustrious career. I might have much to say of the singular vivacity of style by means of which Dean Stanley could lend a charm to almost any subject, and by which, to the surprise as well as delight of young men who are now growing old, he did lend a charm to many unpromising subjects of ecclesiastical history, of theology, of Scripture geography and antiquities. But I

leave this and the like of this here out of view, and speak of him only in the character of a leader and representative, in the religious sphere, of one school of thinkers and teachers.

I see that since his death, in various quarters, among his friends and among those who were all along his opponents, attempts have been made to show that he was a good man, or a great and good man, in spite of his not being sound in the faith; or that notwithstanding all he said and wrote and did in the course of a long life-time, he ought not to be considered unorthodox at all, but essentially and fundamentally a believer of the conventional evangelical type. In several instances reference has been made to some pious sentences which were spoken by him on his death-bed, to prove or help to prove that he was a good man. As if some old woman hearing of the death of her son in foreign parts, and remembering that he had never all his life been anything but a grief to her, should yet find comfort in knowing that there had been found in his chest, after his death, the Bible which she had once given him wrapped in a handkerchief. Almost in a way to suggest comparisons of this kind, it would seem to have been found possible to quote the last or almost the last words that were spoken by one who never in his life uttered a syllable or did a deed that was not worthy of a scholar, and a gentleman, and a Christian. In other instances those who have spoken or written of Dean Stanley have found various points in his character and career which would bear favourable or eulogistic comment, and to which they have alluded as a set-off against the damaging fact that he was not orthodox. In the same way too in which his friend Thomas Carlyle, not long before, was converted at his death by some people into an orthodox Presbyterian, the Dean has been numbered since his decease by some

admirers of his among the faithful to tradition for whom in his lifetime he had more pity than admiration. Not merely in justice to the dead but out of charity to the living, who have no more valuable property than what they possess in the character of good men, some protest ought to be made against all this. What is true rather than that he was a good man in spite of his opinions, is that his opinions and the way he held them are among the best of the many proofs we have that he was a good man, and in a sense great as well as good. As regards his worth to the Church and to the world, to speak plainly, it seems to me that he was not first of all an amiable, pure, noble, highly gifted, and wonderfully accomplished man, and then a Church dignitary of liberal or advanced theological views; but he was first of all a Churchman of that description, and secondly he was all that you please to say, all that can be said or imagined, of a Christian and a gentleman. He indeed valued goodness more than any creed—no man perhaps ever valued goodness more than he. But he would not and could not have accepted it as a compliment if any one had hinted that it was in spite of and not mainly in virtue of his fidelity to his opinions and convictions, such as they were, that he deserved the trust or respect of his fellow-men. Such was the breadth of his sympathies, and such perhaps, too, it may be said, was the vivacity of his intellect, of which a graceful fancy was a noted quality, that he had a good word to say for most of the superstitions and religious errors and absurdities of mankind. He had so much reverence too for all that the past or that the veneration or the superstition of mankind has invested with the character of sacredness, that he rather explained away (and not too directly either) than assailed and beat upon to their destruction, ancient dogmas and traditions. But it was only to this extent, and

it was not far, that there was any doubt left as to the position which he had taken up in regard to modern habits of thought on religious subjects. That gospel which he habitually preached, which all who went to hear him knew they would hear from him, was not the gospel of faith without works or of the damnation of the greater part of the human race, or of indwelling sin, to which we know the majority of our church-going people would like to limit the application of the term. His gospel was not theological: it was moral, or rather spiritual. It was not a system of divinity, it was love and duty; the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man—love, light, truth, freedom, peace in the sphere of that inward spiritual life, which is as divine in man as it is in God. This was his attitude as a religious teacher. He had broken completely away, not only from tradition, but from the letter of Scripture as ultimate and supreme authority for his religious beliefs, and had found that authority in the soul itself. In all the controversies of the age with reference to this new gospel (which yet is not new but the oldest of all), with reference to science and religion, creeds and confessions of faith, mythologies, nature and the supernatural, Jewish scriptures and Christian scriptures, it was known on which side you were sure to find this one man. With that love and reverence of his for all that was historical, sacred, venerable, possibly he would have shrunk if he could from some of the results of scientific and critical research to the acceptance of which others joyfully and light-heartedly committed themselves. But if any one in all England was in trouble or difficulty on the score of having accepted these results, he was the man to take his part, not timidly either, or with prudent and cautious reservations and protestations, but openly and fearlessly. That he was the acknowledged champion of rational religion is, however, only open to a doubt, and only

needs to be discussed, if there is any doubt, as I suppose there is none, that up till the moment of his death no man of his day was more heartily detested among a large section of Churchmen and believers. This hatred I have said was mostly due to the unconscionable friendliness of his relations with Christian people of other churches. It was owing, in a measure also, to the intolerable banter with which he assailed the sacerdotalism of a powerful party in the Church. But it is well known that it was in no small part everywhere, and in some quarters exclusively, to be attributed to what were called his heretical opinions. He himself, no doubt, understood as well as most people the position which he occupied as a religious teacher. Only two or three years ago, referring to the number of friends he had found in that capacity north of the Tweed, and to the sympathy and popularity of which he was assured by his visits here, he declared that he had always felt in his own country and in his own church as if he were the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

It is not in spite of all this, then, I say, but rather in virtue of it, that he deserves to be remembered, that his career is instructive, that his example is splendid. It was in all this, not least decisively, that he showed how good and how great a man he was. It has been the rôle of the good and great of all history to be men of the time in which they lived, to live in its life, to sympathise with its doubts and difficulties, to recognise its wants, to appreciate its hopes and aspirations, to mark by their deeds or by their writings its position in the line of the gradual advance of the human race in knowledge and virtue and happiness. That from the first he had intellectual and spiritual discernment to adopt in the ecclesiastical and religious sphere this honourable but perilous part, and that in the course of a long lifetime he had the

courage to be faithful to it—this, in my opinion, and not his distinction as a scholar, or his eminence as a master of English style, or his singular amiability and purity of character, is his title to be gratefully remembered by his country and by mankind. This is not something for which you have to make some apology or against which you have to discover some set-off, in order that you may be at liberty to speak well of the dead. No higher eulogy than this could you have to bestow, though you condensed into one all the commendations that man has bestowed upon man since the foundation of the world.

It was made a reproach to one generation of one people: Your fathers killed the prophets and ye build their sepulchres. What if we should be found sometimes adopting another method of dealing with those who are best entitled to the name of prophets among us—another method, and yet hardly wiser or better? What if we should be found trying after they are dead and cannot answer for themselves to show that they were not prophets at all, but ordinary preachers of a commonplace gospel, distinguished only from other preachers, it may be, by some superior talent or some trick of style? This, if anything of this kind is known among us, is to kill the prophets a second time in the act of building their sepulchres—it is after their death, and the evil treatment which has generally preceded that event, to allow them not a resurrection unto life and glory, but only to imbecility and inanity. It is to stultify the public judgment with regard to a man like Dean Stanley to talk, now that he is gone, as if he were indistinguishable, except by literary skill, from the crowd of orthodox believers. If he was wrong in adopting and advocating as he did other than strictly orthodox religious views, let that be said, so that others may be deterred from following a bad example.

If he was right, let that be understood, so that others may be incited and encouraged to walk in his footsteps. Whether he was wrong or right, the fact that the theological attitude of such a man was what it was, is a fact which cannot be too well considered. It is a lesson full of instruction for all who are interested in the future of religion in this country, and indeed for all whose ignorance is not such as to assure them that they are too wise to have any need to learn anything. If his own Church had been a little better organised than it is, Dean Stanley would probably have been cast out of it long ago with ignominy and insult. Most likely if he had belonged to any Presbyterian communion except our own, and possibly if he had been found in ours, he would have had to endure many things of Presbyteries and Synods, and going to a General Assembly to obtain redress he might have been commanded to beg forgiveness for having disturbed the ancient peace of Israel by scholarship, by fearless love of truth, by a brilliant English style. It is a significant fact, therefore, that perhaps hardly a man of this generation, certainly not a single ecclesiastic of our day, has been more widely or more deeply lamented at his death than this English Dean. The common sense, right feeling, religious instinct of mankind in his case, as in others, has triumphed over ignorant prejudice. Some of the best men of this age, and of all ages, have been of dubious orthodoxy. Few, or perhaps none, of the men of our day most highly gifted, intellectually and spiritually, have been nearly as orthodox as are usually the bishops, leaders, official representatives of churches, in whom an ordinary understanding can perhaps perceive little but respectability of character, mediocrity of intellect, ignorance of modern thought and modern life. There is use for religious teaching other than that which bears the stamp of orthodox dulness, feebleness, dogmatism. These

are lessons which almost all clergymen, and a great many other people, find it very hard to learn. They are lessons which are powerfully enforced by many an ancient as well as many a modern career; seldom have they been more effectively taught than by the career of Dean Stanley. It was one of the most cautious and prudent of Scotchmen and Archbishops—the Archbishop of Canterbury—who since his death declared his belief that thousands had been won to Christianity by the Dean's historical treatment of religious questions. That was as safe a statement as was ever made by a Scotchman or an Archbishop. Many in his Church, and not a few in other Churches might do well to ponder it.

Not less than his friend the Dean of Westminster, was the late Dr. Watson, of Dundee,¹ essentially a man of the time; though it was in and through ecclesiastical activity and clerical work rather than in the field of science and literature that he was destined to give to his countrymen the impression of a unique and powerful personality. I have seen nothing which has been said of him since his death which seems to me to do complete justice to his intellectual endowment. His friend, Principal Caird, has spoken of him in that respect with a restraint and caution dictated, no doubt, by the closeness of their lifelong intimacy. Nothing so beautifully and happily original in the way of intellectual gift as an uncommon endowment of common sense, and that originality Watson had in a marked degree. A friend of his and mine, casually, since his death has supplied me with two reminiscences of the man, in which, trifling as they are, I can see a great deal that is characteristic. He was arguing in one of his sermons that people could not and should not expect to have more of their own way than a moderate share, and on this

point among other things he remarked that people could not for example have it all their own way in the street. Common sense in this fashion in his talk, and in his discourses, as in the speech of other great ethical teachers, found for its use everywhere and always some homely parable, some wise saw, or modern instance, in which there was light for minds of every description. A young minister who was a great friend of his confided to him one day a host of troubles in which he had found himself placed by the proceedings of people, especially office-bearers, connected with his Church. They were walking along a country road while the younger minister thus poured his sorrows into the ear of the elder. Watson listened till he had finished without saying a word. Then he halted, deliberately brought his purse out of his pocket, took a shilling out of it, shut one eye, held the shilling before the other, and then looking up at the sun he remarked, "With this shilling I can blot out the sun." That young minister had reason to be, as he actually has been, I believe, very thankful for the lesson which was taught him by that eclipse. As was shown in all his discourses to his congregation, and in an occasional speech or sermon addressed in print to a larger public, Dr. Watson, in virtue of what I call his originality, never gave any impression of himself, as a preacher, but that of one of the most powerful and suggestive though by no means the most popular of his day and generation. It is not, however, in this respect that I wish to speak of him here and now. He too, like Stanley, tolerated everything, and approved of much that was stigmatised as heterodoxy and infidelity by narrower and less cultivated minds. It is well known that so long as it was possible for such minds to co-operate effectually for his exclusion from a leading place in the Church they were strenuous to do so. His gospel, like Stanley's, was not theological but

¹ Moderator of the General Assembly, 1880, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains.

moral—not a system of divinity, but love and duty. Everybody to whom modern thought on religious subjects was familiar and congenial knew that he could calculate on the sympathy of this one minister in our Church—the man perhaps more widely and deeply trusted than any other occupying a place among its clergy. His, like Stanley's, was a pure, noble, beneficent life; and like the English Dean's this Scotch minister's death has been mourned as that of few men in our day. It was noticed that in the celebration of his obsequies Jews and Roman Catholics as well as Protestants of all sorts took part. Unknown to fame out of Scotland, his worth as a good man was known and incontestable to most of his countrymen.

It is a singular circumstance that these two men of whom I have spoken, friends and allies, and kindred spirits, should have been laid in the grave on the same day, almost at the same hour. This is not all, however, which there

is to link their memories together. They were both, as I have said, men in full sympathy with modern thought and inquiry on religious subjects, even the freest and most thoroughgoing. They were both intolerant only of intolerance, antagonistic to everything in the shape of bigotry, sectarian pride and narrowness. Certainly neither of them was an orthodox believer of the evangelical type. Yet they were good men, great as well as good. They were among the best men that this generation has seen, and those who in their lives opposed them and reviled them, have been forced as well as others to acknowledge that. It is an obvious lesson which this teaches, and I have already drawn it. That faith of theirs, though Churches still affect to hold it in suspicion or abhorrence, though sometimes it meets with ecclesiastical censure and reprobation, cannot have been altogether a bad one which had such issues as in their lives.

JOHN SERVICE, D.D.

LIFE AND SPORT AT ALTENSTEIN.

SOME time ago I made friends with a German in a Scotch country house. In the course of various talks arising from our daily pursuits, my new acquaintance told me that if I would like to have a glimpse of old German life and sport he would give me an introduction to a relation, the *Förstmeister* ("Forest-master") to Prince A.—I need not give the real name,—who would be glad to take an English visitor into his house and make him welcome for some weeks. In the following year, having a month upon my hands, I acted upon the suggestion, and after a friendly letter from the *Förstmeister*, set out for the place of his abode, which we will call Altenstein.

Altenstein station is in one of the valleys running inland from the east of the Rhine, a region whose rivers, woods, and charmingly picturesque old towns I will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that one afternoon towards the end of August I found myself at the said station, with a tall, gentlemanlike man coming forward to meet me. This was *Förstmeister* B., mine host to be, clothed in the universal suit that does duty in Germany for our endless sporting attires—short gray cloth jacket with a strap at the back, green collar, and buckshorn buttons; waistcoat and trousers to match. He had come to meet me in his *Einspanner*, a sort of Victoria, somewhat battered and dusty, but drawn by a good-looking horse with a long tail. On this rough but useful machine my host's man, coachman for that occasion, who was dressed in the same gray clothes of a coarser sort, soon stowed my luggage, and off we went.

After going some short distance, we turned up a smaller valley winding

from the larger one into the long undulations of the wooded hills. On one side, the beech wood that came down to the road was parted from it by a huge fence made of broad, irregular splits of timber, driven into the ground and fastened together at the top. This was the *Zaun*, or paling, running round the large tract of the *Wald* that was set apart as the prince's deer forest. On the other side was a narrow meadow, intersected by a small and sluggish stream, beyond which the forest again rose, a half-ruined watch tower standing out on a crag above the trees.

Suddenly, on turning a corner we saw Altenstein, our destination, before us. On the top of a conical hill, sharp and dark against the west, stood a cluster of buildings, from the mass of which here and there sharp extinguisher-like spires and pinnacles shot into the sky, the whole being dominated by a square keep, and forming the identical background of hill and castle so often seen in the old German pictures.

As we drew nearer to this romantic distance, my host informed me (what I ought to have known before if I had read much of German history) that the princes of Altenstein had up to the beginning of the present century been independent rulers, but had then been mediatised, *i.e.* politically disestablished, and made subjects of one of the larger states. But although real sovereignty no longer exists at Altenstein, its remains, imbedded in the customs of the place, together with a general tone of the middle ages, form so characteristic a picture, and one so little likely to come under the eye of the ordinary hotel-traveller, that the reader may not be uninterested in a description of some of its features.

To this end I propose, after a short general outline of the place and its ways, to give two scenes characteristic of the social life there prevailing, reserving the subject of sport for another paper.

Behind the *Schloss* (castle), which occupied the highest point of the hill of Altenstein, the ground sloped down to a tract of high table-land, where, close under the walls of the old stronghold, stood the little town, containing, with the inmates of the *Schloss*, about 2,000 inhabitants. A few words will sufficiently describe the town—a market-place with an irresistible old pump, three or four irregular streets, and some pretty environs of neat villas standing in their own gardens. The castle is not quite so easily dismissed, but I will endeavour to give the reader a sketch of it in as few touches as possible. The entrance from the town was through a great gate opening into the market-place, flanked by two low towers, between which appeared the device of the house of Altenstein—a blue badger on a red ground. Passing upwards under two other massive lines of wall, now built up with houses and sheds, the visitor found himself in the outer court of the castle, containing the draw-well and divers old-fashioned houses, one of which was my host's. This space ended on the higher side in a flight of steps leading to the citadel or upper tier of the stronghold through a dark tunnel, whose mouth was protected by a striking old portcullis, painted deep red, and knotty with rusty clamps and nail-heads. Beyond the tunnel were several quadrangles, grouped round the keep, and inhabited by the members of the princely family and their servants. Round the highest side of the hill was a broad terrace, commanding a glorious view of the rolling forest country, into which the cultivated valleys ran like winding fiords. Here dwelt in dignified ease a row of fine old brass cannon, their barrels carved with garlands of flowers, leaves, and heraldic devices,

and bearing inscriptions such as "I am the mouse," "I am the hedge-sparrow," "God be with us, let the good cause triumph."

So much for the outward semblance of Altenstein, both town and *Schloss*; let us now turn our attention to the inhabitants.

One of the relics of royalty above mentioned, was a ministry that still existed, each member of which had his little whitewashed bureau in the "Ministerium," a small house standing in the precincts of the *Schloss*. The "premier," so to speak, was the *Hof-Marschal* who was President of the Princely Privy Chamber, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of larger communities was represented by the keeper of the Estate Accounts, the Treasury by the *Rentamt* (rent collector), and the "Woods and Forests" by the *Förstmeister*. There was also the *Berg-Director* who administered the mines, the *Kammer-Director* who held the privy purse, and other officials with recognised positions but no bureaux, such as the *Fürstlicher-Ober-Medicinal-Rath*, and the *Hof-Apotheker*, who were respectively doctor and apothecary of the town. I may at once say that I never met with an *Unter* of any kind in the flesh, though I did hear one day of an "under-hedgehog-hunter," in a remote part of the *Wald*, who was supposed to have seen a covey of partridges. Under the *Förstmeister* were several *Ober-Försters*, each of whom had a district of his own within which he attended to the planting, growth, and cutting of timber, and the preservation of the game, having under him a staff of *Försters*, half-keepers, half woodmen.

All these dignitaries addressed each other by their titles in preference to their ordinary names, and the same practice was observed towards their wives. The use of a surname was consequently rare in Altenstein, and still more the familiar employment of the Christian name so common among men in England, which there seemed to be warranted only by an acquaintance of

great familiarity and long standing. All this sounds rather formal to an Englishman, indeed the prevalence of formality at Altenstein, considering the smallness of the community, somewhat astonished me. For instance, the laws relating to black coats, now much relaxed with us, were enforced there with great severity, and the amount of force expended daily in the place in taking off of hats must have equalled that of one of the small mill-streams of the neighbourhood, soon resulting in my case in a large chasm in the brim of my straw.

It is no doubt easy to cast a good deal of ridicule on this formal side of German life, but I am not at all sure that it is not closely bound up with that earnestness that is the secret of German success. A man with a definite status and title, the recognition of which is not confined to business hours, feels that he has an honourable position to keep up, however small is his salary; and although he may be pompous in his work, he is not slovenly. The gulf that separates a *Fürstlicher-Ober-Medical-Rath* from a country doctor, is surely not without benefit to the patients of the former.

Another feature of Altenstein society that was equally striking and more admirable, was the high standard of education prevailing among the men. As an instance of this diffusion of knowledge, I may say, that the waiter at the *Blaue Dachs* ("Blue Badger") became on Saturday afternoon a private tutor in arithmetic, and in this capacity gave lessons to the little boys of the district. It is fair to add that when contemplating this last named class, I sometimes doubted whether the education hobby was not being over-ridden in their case. Such pale tadpoles, as many of them were, with listless ways, and few games, they looked as if the stalwart Teutonic physique of their fathers was being sacrificed in the cause of knowledge.

Of the ladies of the place I saw but little, there being no balls in the summer, and the fair sex seeming to

confine themselves to a sort of female *soirée* called a *Frauen-Gesellschaft*. It is true I was one day taken to admire the reigning belle, the daughter of an *Ober-Förster*, living in a romantic lodge in the forest. She was a good specimen of a German country beauty, with pink cheeks, blue eyes, and splendid hair; which latter was a common, and I may say, usually the chief, outward attraction of my fair neighbours. As to the standard of taste and dress, there was a considerable likeness between the fashions of Altenstein and those prevailing in England at the beginning of the present reign. To support this view, I would instance the black coat ceremonies, the fondness for that horrible form of clothing called "white ducks," the absence of tweed stuffs and loose garments like shooting jackets and knickerbockers, the prevalence among ladies of large bonnets and "sausage" curls, and a simplicity almost amounting to childishness in matters of taste and art.

It is true our connection with the outside world was not extensive. The old kingly-imperial post-waggon deposited occasional native tourists, and now and then there was an invasion of the military, in the shape of an *Ein-quartierung*, or billeting. One of these took place a day or two after my arrival, the invaders consisting of forty or fifty officers on a military tour under a scientific colonel. These armed students rode into the market-place one morning about ten, having started at daybreak from their last halting-place. Before 5 P.M. they were expected to show up a paper treating their day's route and its surroundings from a military point of view. The officer quartered at our house was a stout, common-place-looking young fellow, with a tight waist. He at once entered his bedroom, and ordered two "beef-steaks-and-potatoes" in succession, after which I was informed he divided his time between sleeping and writing till the dinner hour, when he joined his comrades in the large

room at the *Blaue Dachs*. On another occasion we had a corporal and two horses from a light cavalry regiment on their way from the autumn manoeuvres. These visitors came in from their day's march about four, and in a short space of time all the men had off their dusty uniforms, and in their rough nankeen fatigue dresses were grooming their horses outside their respective billets. Later on they might be seen strolling about the town and *Schloss*, with clusters of little Altensteiners hanging on to their great hands, and piloting them about the place. Uncouth fellows, with good kindly faces, they looked thoroughly a "*proles mascula, versare glebas docta ligoibus*."

When I had been about a week at Altenstein, leading a life lazily contemplative of the manners and customs I have endeavoured to describe, we heard one morning that the prince was about to return.

The prince, or to call him by his proper title, *Fürst*, I need scarcely say, was the hereditary Lord of Altenstein, whose fathers had for countless generations fought and hunted from its ancient *Schloss*. The present representative of the family had been spending the hot months in the seclusion of the *Orionhaus*, a hunting lodge built in a remote part of his sylvan territories.

After the first rumour, some time passed without further news, till one day, when taking my usual morning stroll in the precincts of the castle, I saw approaching what appeared to be a party of singers clothed for a fashionable concert. They turned out, however, to be the notables of Altenstein in full evening dress, white gloves, and tall hats, bound for the morning *levée* of welcome that was held on the return of the great man. That same evening a tottering servitor, in a dress of Frederick the Great's cut, came down to our house with a princely request that mine host and the Herr Engländer would come up to the *Schloss* that evening.

Accordingly, when tea was over, and I had arrayed myself in seemly black, in obedience to special injunctions to that effect, we proceeded "upwards" under the old portcullis, and through the gloomy tunnel-like entrance mentioned above, till we came to the door of the *Fürst's* apartments.

On arriving there we were received by another long-coated servitor, who, after adding our hats to a collection he had already formed, led the way up a winding stone staircase. The dusty old walls on either hand were covered with antlers of every size and shape, from the branching spoils of the "*hoch-wild*," or great game, to the tiny forks of the roe-deer fawns. Antlers swarmed everywhere in *Schloss Altenstein*, like the skeletons in Traddles's *Latin Dictionary*; and no wonder, for since fighting their neighbours went out of fashion, the chase has been the sole occupation of its lords. Doubtless the stags in the preserved parts of the *Wald* often sigh now for the good old fighting days, and look upon Peace Preservation Societies and International Arbitration (if they have ever heard of such things in Germany) as inventions of the devil. Antlers followed us off the staircase, through an ante-chamber, and into a large long room, with rough oak rafters crossing the ceiling, and small square windows like embrasures for cannon piercing the immense walls. Here the forest of horns took some order, being arranged in various patterns round several pictures of the chase, the largest of which represented the late *Fürst's* favourite retriever retrieving a fox—a ludicrous, if not absolutely criminal combination to our English notions. A fox in Germany holds something of the same position in the world of sport as a woodcock with us, and I was often told with pride that the owner of the retriever, a mighty *Jäger*, had himself slain 1,700 of these animals during his life on earth. But to go back to our banquetting hall—chandeliers of interwoven antlers hung from the ceiling, chairs of the same make

stood against the walls, while ink-stands, paper knives, and all nick-nacks that would possibly be twisted out of the same materials were scattered upon the tables. From two of the larger of these, however, all such frivolities had been cleared, and upon one of them appeared various cold viands and bottles of wine, while round the other were gathered the *Fürst* and his guests. This table was of a solid mediæval shape, and stood in a corner of the room, a bench with a stuffed leather back running along the wall behind it, and affording sitting accommodation for two sides. At its head, in a colossal chair, built of faded leather, studded with nails, sat the host, his portly person clad in the everlasting gray jacket turned up with green.

At his side was a bucket containing some half-dozen bottles of beer in ice, which were passed, when wanted, to the guests who sat round the table, each as a rule sticking to his own bottle. Smoke wreaths ascending from long cherry-sticks and cigars curled over the heads of the party, dimming the lights in the horn chandelier, and filling the dark hollows among the beams of the roof. Last, but not least, on the floor near the pail of beer, a *Dachshund* of great size and comeliness lay watching my entrance with a suspicious eye. In a few moments, after the usual formal courtesies of the country had been fulfilled, and I had swayed for some moments in acknowledgment of many bows, like a bulrush in a high wind, I found myself seated by the side of the colossal chair, hardly knowing whether I was not dreaming out of one of Grimm's fairy stories, and whether a red-hooded goblin might not presently step out from where the dark caverns of the windows loomed in the thickness of the wall.

Round the table were seated most of the "Ministers," and also the *Medicinal-Rath*, the *Hof-Apotheker*, and the senior *Kreis-Richter*, or district judge. The *Kammer-Director* acted as

Ganymede, replenishing the bucket when necessary from a store in an inner chamber. The conversation was lively among the guests themselves, though they did not often volunteer remarks to "*Durchlaucht*" (his serenity), at the head of the table. The ceremony surrounding a potentate of this kind in Germany, much exceeds that observed in the case of any English magnate below the blood Royal. However, the great man was good-natured enough, cracking his jokes with, and often upon, his various officers, and talking with his foreign guest about England, to which land he was most partial. He told me that in his youth he had served in the Hanoverian army, where many traces of the old connection with us still existed. His regiment had a mess after the English fashion that possessed several tankards and other mementos presented to them by English regiments with whom they had served. It was also the custom to call the officer, who in Germany is styled *Hauptmann*, by the British title of "Cap'n." Still further to exhibit his liking for our nation, he, after a time, ventured upon our language in a carefully-framed sentence, that I knew well before I left Altenstein:—"Herr— (my host) is a very nice man; he does not smoke, and he does not drink, and he does not go after the ladies" (cheers and laughter).

So spake he, and we sitting at the equal feast drank as much beer as our souls desired, till the bell upon the battlements sounded ten. Not that this was to be taken as a proof that it was ten o'clock in the exact sense in which we use the expression, but merely that it was somewhere thereabouts. The bell in question was always in the charge of the porters' lodge, where two members of the *Burg-Wacht*, a corps of twelve men, the remnant of the once famous army of Altenstein, kept watch and ward. By this means the publication, and indirectly the measurement, of time, was reduced from the position of a

mechanical art to one depending on the irregularity of the human will, the result being that the relation between the real time and the time struck, depended a good deal upon the psychological state of the warder on duty. If this worthy was anticipating pleasure, such as dinner, the notes of noon would ring out over the town considerably in advance of the sun, in order that the old gentleman might totter back to his den, and be all ready when the meal arrived from the kitchen. On the other hand, when by one o'clock the dinner had been eaten, and it became necessary to leave pipe and beer and mount to the rampart, Time was taken by the forelock and held as long as might be without public scandal. Inconvenient as this procedure would have been in Cheap-side, it fell in perfectly with the habits of Altenstein, and no citizen ever thought of appealing from the authority of the great clock to the private judgment of his own watch.

As the last notes of the bell died away the *Fürst* rose, and having duly made our adieux, we were soon scrambling in the darkness down the steep path towards the town. The last sound I heard that night was the thrice repeated whistle of the watchman, and his monotonous "*mein' Herrn, zwei ist geschlagen*," ("two has struck, my masters") a fact of which I was only too painfully aware, though conscious at the same time that to be woke hourly by a watchman and three whistles was delightfully medieval and romantic.

Not many days after the above experiences in the *Schloss*, I was fortunate enough to be bidden to an entertainment not less hospitable in the town. The occasion was the anniversary of the battle of Sedan, the time, five in the afternoon. Accordingly, shortly before that hour, my host and I proceeded to a large room attached to the principal inn, where all the notables of the place were assembled. The room was very clean and simple, with a bare floor

and a rude gallery at one end for music. This was filled with boughs of trees and flags, that formed a sort of woody background to a tawdry picture in distemper of the everlasting Germania—a tall stout woman, half-Goth, half-Roman, decked with laurel leaves, and trampling on broken standards. The names of the battles in the French war appeared on the walls, written upon pieces of cardboard framed in laurel leaves, into which were inserted many little tin flags, such as we use on Christmas-trees. The whole of the decoration was simple, not to say childish, but there was a certain tenderness of finish about it that stamped it as a labour of love.

About twenty "notables" were present besides ourselves, including both the *Kreis-Richter* and the *Ober-Pfarrer* (clergyman). Most of these, as regards their outward man, fell readily into the Crown-Prince or Bismarck type, the two general shapes on which, subject to variations of height and colour, most Germans appeared to me to be constructed. They looked, as a rule, alarmingly learned, had tremendous physiques, though rather fleshy, and mostly wore double eyeglasses. The *Ober-Pfarrer*, whose lack of white tie made him undistinguishable amid the common sobriety of apparel, was the wit of the party, though the good-humour and somewhat elephantine spirits of the others were quite inexhaustible. After a long wait, we took our places, I between my host and *Kreis-Richter* No 2, a young gentleman of about twenty-eight, who had lately passed his examination for a judgeship, and who made many inquiries about legal affairs in England. He was mainly struck with the amount of advocates' fees, and the practice of appointing judges only from among barristers in good practice, which latter custom so impressed him, that he called it over the table to his colleague.

Although the room in which we dined was far better than it would

have been in England, I do not think that the dinner was. In spite of our long wait, we only got the courses at exasperating intervals of sometimes nearly half an hour. In one of these periods, preceding the chicken and salad course, the Burgomaster, in the shape of a professorial-looking young man, suddenly got up and asked us to drink the health of the "Emperor-king, who in the spring-time of his life, sixty years ago, fought against Frankreich, and nine years ago this day exposed his white hairs to the bullet-hail in Sedan; who overthrew the might of Napoleon, united Germany, and now at eighty something years of age, toiled incessantly for the good of his people." We all rose at once, and "*hoched*" vigorously, concluding with a song in honour of the same monarch, to the tune of "God save the Queen." By eight o'clock I was somewhat wearied, chiefly from the great mental strain of attempting to explain our legal procedure to the *Kreis-Richter* in limited German, helped out by adapta-

tions from Justinian, pronounced as if they were French. I was therefore not sorry when the *Fürstmeister* announced that he had business at the *Schloss*, and we took our leave. On my way home I soon forgot "the perfection of common sense," in the contemplation of a *Puppen-Theater* that was performing for the benefit of the children of Altenstein. There a sort of larger Punch, (I supposed an Ober-Punch), was hammering Judy with an animus that had not changed by crossing the sea. His ferocity apparently rather awed the timid little spectators, for the showman was obliged to beg them to laugh oftener, in order to attract the public, which they did at intervals, in volleys, with a very strange effect. Doubting whether our own rising generation could have been so easily "organised," I left the glaring naphtha lights, and had soon exchanged the stir of civic festivities for the seclusion of our old timbered house.

A. G. C. LIDDELL.

SCHOOLS IN FLORENCE.

DURING a short stay in Florence I was glad to take advantage of an official permission, kindly given me by a member of the municipality, to visit the Communal schools under his authority. The Communal schools in Italy are analogous to our Board schools. Before the unity of Italy was established the Municipality of Florence entrusted the elementary education of the province and city to a number of ministers of the Roman Catholic Church, who made themselves entirely responsible for it.

The schools they established were distinctly Church schools; they were a great improvement on the Jesuit schools which had existed previously.

When Italy was united a great change was made in the education of the people. The municipality itself undertook the control of the elementary education of the province, and opened numerous unsectarian schools for boys and girls; the Church schools were continued as mere private establishments, and command to this day the confidence and support of a large number of persons. The supreme central authority in education is the Minister of Public Instruction; his jurisdiction extends throughout Italy and Sicily; he is assisted by a central body, whose powers are somewhat undefined and whose functions amongst others are to grant subsidies and appoint and transfer teachers throughout Italy. Each province has its local government inspector, appointed by the central board, who does not necessarily conduct examinations himself. There is also a municipal school council of six local members, presided over by the prefect of the province and a number of male and female municipal inspectors, who examine the schools and sometimes teach special subjects.

The schools are visited periodically by the authorities, and to judge by the entries in the register kept for the purpose the visitations are frequent. Women inspectors visit the girls' schools, and do their work efficiently.

There are about thirty Communal schools in Florence; each is a school of only one department, that is, either for boys or for girls only; there are no Communal infants' schools, and no mixed schools; the ages of the children range from six to fourteen.

Furnished with my letter and with a printed programme issued by the municipality to the teachers of Florence, containing a list of the subjects to be taught, the books to be used, a time-table, and a code of needlework, I paid my first visit to a girls' school in a central part of the town.

The simplicity of the whole machinery, as compared with the vastness and complication of our own, is very striking to any one coming straight from London Board schools.

Nothing brings out more strongly the fact that the principles of education and of its administration are seriously modified by a mere multiplication of the numbers to be educated. As regards instruction number makes all the difference between individual and class teaching; as regards administration, between individual supervision of each school by persons locally associated with it, and legislative administration of general principles by a central body.¹

In Florence the numbers are so small and the area covered by the work so compact, that the central body

¹ The number of schools in Florence and the number of children receiving education is about equal to the number in the Westminster division of London, and represents $\frac{1}{4}$ th of the whole work of the London School Board.

of the municipality is practically the local body as well; the members can and do possess a complete knowledge of the history of each of the thirty schools under their care. In London over 300 schools must be controlled. As the area covered by the work equals some 150 square miles, local knowledge and watchfulness over the history of each of the schools or departments is impossible. Besides this large questions of principle spring out of the mass of details and demand attention, and new educational problems present themselves which are unknown in smaller administrations. No system can be maintained in this vast chaos until and unless these more general principles are periodically grappled with and readjusted to the educational needs of the time. The whole question is, in fact, shifted from the personal and the special to the abstract and general. The London School Board, with its daily increasing accumulation of detailed work, is in this respect in a transition state, in which the energy and industry of its members has not yet been vanquished by the immense pressure of business, but in which the course of time alone must bring about a change of method. It may be anticipated that a carefully chosen body of local managers will ultimately be called in to take a more responsible share of the local work in connection with the schools than they do now, and thus relieve the Board to a certain extent of work which is unsuited to it.

The system of free education in Florence is a further gain in simplicity, to say nothing of more important advantages involved in this principle. It involves an absence of the worry caused to teachers, parents, and children by numberless regulations and circulars, which endeavour but vainly to secure the full payment of fees without interfering with the regular attendance of the children. The scholars pay for their own books and materials; in any cases of poverty the parents can claim assistance from the municipality, and no difficulty is made in granting the

necessary books to those who cannot pay for them.

The obvious advantage of this system over ours is that the weekly temptation of sending a child home for the weekly fee is removed, payments for books are secured at much greater intervals than payment of fees, and there is no excuse placed in the hands of unwilling parents and irregular children for non-attendance. At the same time there are other objections to the plan of payment for books which render it impracticable in London.

It may be remarked in passing that the objection to free compulsory education so often made, that it pauperises the people, receives a flat denial in Florence. A permanent pauper or destitute class does not exist.

In 1859 a compulsory law was passed, but was subsequently thrown out. Every one was unanimous in saying that active compulsion was little needed. The people "are only too anxious" to get their children educated and pushed on; they are generally hard-working people, and glad to get their children out of the way during working hours. They take an interest in their progress at school, and show the greatest pride in their success. The parents of many of the children scarcely know how to read and write, and look upon the modest educational achievements of their offspring as evidence of genius.

There exists no cumbrous machinery, similar to ours, of visitors and superintendents, of weekly meetings¹ for the purpose of investigating cases of neglect requiring a possible summons, or poverty requiring a remission of fees; of magistrates and police courts. If a parent is to blame the usual course seems to be for the teacher to communicate direct to the municipality, when inquiry is made and the parent is censured. There are some families which are hopelessly improvident, they become professional beggars, and their

¹ In 1879 eight hundred meetings of this kind were held in London.

children go about in rags ; but the number is too small to form a class, and even in this mild form compulsion is not applied to them. All the schools I saw were, as regards the condition of the children, on a par with our better schools, where the fee is fourpence or threepence; the children were well fed and clothed, and had a prosperous look.

I looked out everywhere for the poor children, and could not find them. I was at last directed by a teacher to a suburban school, which I visited, where the condition of the children was less prosperous ; some of them even wore ragged clothes. I was struck with the significance of the fact that I was searching for the destitute school population and could with difficulty find it. There is, in fact, no destitute population in Florence at all, as I have intimated. I was informed that the reason of this is that there are very extensive and well-organised charities in Florence which meet every case of want, and a model workhouse. I doubt very much whether charity, however well organised, ever achieved as much in preventing destitution as habits of industry and providence, and I am inclined to believe that the latter, far more than the former, is the cause of the prosperity of the lower classes in Florence.

All the schools I visited were carried on in vast buildings which had formerly been convents or monasteries ; being the property of the town, they are now put to this, more noble, use—and, contrary to my expectations, they answer very well. When liberal funds are not forthcoming from the Government, and school buildings have to be erected, the first thing that suffers is the accommodation, which has to be cramped and unhealthily restricted to meet the necessity of economy. As regards Florence, financially ruined by expensive improvements, it is fortunate indeed that these large and airy buildings are available ; the schools enjoy the advantage of a wealth of space which is truly enviable, even

when compared to the generous scale adopted in London.

These convents have generally been built round large open courtyards, with long covered-in passages, or open corridors, into which rows of classrooms open. The class-rooms are always lofty, cheerful, and dry, lighted by large wide windows. The size of the rooms varies very much ; sometimes a teacher can take her full number (seventy) of pupils, but my impression is that the rooms generally hold thirty or forty. In the first school I saw there were ten teachers and 250 children ; this liberal staff was necessitated by structural conditions. None of these buildings had fireplaces or heating apparatus of any kind ; the winter was considered cold and wet, yet every classroom I entered (about fifty or sixty) had a window wide open, and I never found a room close or ill-ventilated. It is a well-known characteristic of the Florentines of all classes that they live in cold houses, are not afraid of fresh air, and keep themselves warm by extra clothing. The teachers all carried muffs or *scaldini*—small earthenware pots full of hot embers—for warming the hands. The school premises were well provided with every convenience, and kept very clean ; but the washing apparatus was quite insufficient.

Besides giving the ordinary instruction, the teachers are responsible for the registers of attendance and the progress and general conduct of the children ; they must also watch their personal cleanliness and neatness.

The relations between teachers and children were satisfactory ; discipline was maintained without difficulty. Corporal punishment, extra lessons as punishment, and harsh words are forbidden.

The salaries vary from 28*l.* to 48*l.* per annum without residence ; these figures speak for themselves. Though much has been done in Italy since 1859 for education, much remains to be done, and some very elementary

principles have yet to be applied. It is impossible that even in Florence any person can live on the salary offered to teachers; they are all obliged to supplement it by private tuition. Ultimately the position is reversed—private teaching takes the primary, and the school the secondary place; necessarily so, since the remuneration of the former depends on its excellence, and the latter is a fixed income.

A teacher, whose duties were exceptionally fatiguing and involved great physical exertion, told me that her health suffered from the inferior quality of the food to which her small salary obliged her to limit herself. There can be no doubt that any reforms or improvement in the education of the people of Italy must be preceded by a reform in the payment of the teachers.

The first school I saw was situated in an immense building in a central part of the town; it was formerly a convent. No less than four distinct schools, numerous offices, and a large church are now located under one roof. I ascended an interminable staircase, and found myself in a bright, sunny anteroom, hung round with cloaks, and hats, and baskets containing the children's dinners. Two female attendants sat sewing and gossiping. I looked down from the wide-open window into the busy street far below, which was stirring with life and colour, the air filled with cheerful sounds, street cries of fruit and flower-sellers, children playing, and soldiers marching past.

I could not help picturing to myself the possibility of some poor little nun imprisoned perhaps against her will in former times in these convent walls, and looking down on the busy scene below with the natural longing of a healthy nature to escape from the dull routine and aimless duties of the convent, and to join in the real work of the world which lay at her feet.

Happy indeed is the change which now fills these rooms with bright,

merry children, which prepares them for the ordinary duties of life, and leaves them free to follow the impulses of industry and energy which are so characteristic of the Florentines.

The attendant soon brought the head-mistress. She was a highly intelligent woman of about fifty, with shrewd common-sense; her manners were easy and unassuming, her remarks full of that wonderful Italian sagacity which makes vulgarity and ignorance seem impossible; there was an under-current of *bonhomie* and humour which made her a very interesting companion during the two mornings that I spent in the school. She was much interested in the general development of education in Italy, and, like all Florentines, showed a keen appreciation of public questions and politics which surprised me. I remember noticing the earnest voice, and look of pain that passed over her face, when she alluded incidentally to the depreciated currency of the country. In many countries a woman in her position would not have understood what a depreciated currency meant; to her it was a personal disgrace. Italian patriotism makes not only warm hearts, but also clear heads.

Each school is divided into two parts, called the Lower and Higher Sections: the former consists of one class, the latter has five; so that a child entering school at six years of age would have eight years in which to pass through the six classes or standards of the school.

The children are separated into classes according to the standard of attainment of each child; arbitrary standards of age are universally ignored; so that backward children of ten or twelve are found in the lowest classes, and *vice versa*.

No child can pass from a lower class to a higher except after examination at the end of the school year.

Infants under six are excluded from the Communal schools; they can gain admission into the *Asili*, but these

are intended to provide education (and free dinners) for a distinctly poorer class than that which fills the Communal schools.

If a child of six enters school not knowing its letters, it would be expected at the end of the first year to know how to read words of more than one syllable from books printed with syllabic divisions. It begins with writing in copybooks, and dictations of short easy sentences; it learns the first part of the catechism, with prayers and sacred history, also numeration, and addition and subtraction of sums of three figures. It learns the nomenclature of the principal parts of the human body, the days of the week, and the natural products of the country from picture-books. I saw no object lessons given anywhere.

One of the teachers, with evident pride, pointed out to me several small children who have learnt to read in one year. I remembered a teacher in London who said that if she took eight or ten little girls together she could teach them to read words of one syllable in six weeks without difficulty.

The writing was a weak point everywhere; considering the natural aptitude of the Florentine people for all the arts which require manual dexterity, I am inclined to think that the method of teaching must be at fault; the copybooks used were of very poor quality.

In the second class the child continues the same subjects, and also learns prose or poetry by heart; this was always monotonous and sing-song. Grammar is commenced, and arithmetic carried on to multiplication of two figures.

In the third class composition is taken as a new subject, and arithmetic carried on to division. I heard some very young children in this class read a difficult passage exceedingly well; their logical analysis was good, and some of the writing excellent.

In the fourth class grammar is entirely replaced by composition, simple geometrical definitions are added to

arithmetic, and geography is taken as a new subject.

In the fifth class Italian history is taken as a new subject, arithmetic carried on to fractions. Two little girls of nine read and analysed well. They had worked up through the lower classes of the school. Finally, in the sixth class the above subjects are continued and perfected.

There is no equivalent to our Fourth Schedule, which supplements the work of standards four, five, six.

Out of the ten subjects,¹ any two of which may be chosen and taught in England, none is attempted in Florence. The consequence is a certain baldness and monotony in the character of the work done. A question I often put, "What is the favourite study of the girls?" always received the same answer, "Arithmetic; they would rather have a problem in arithmetic than a story from history."

The boys preferred history to any other subject, and, according to the male teachers, did not succeed so well in arithmetic as the girls.

An immense step has certainly been made in education since 1859, when all schools were brought under Government control and girls were admitted to school.

It then became illegal for any one, private or public, to teach without a diploma of efficiency from the Government.

There is a very general feeling of self-congratulation at the results achieved, which is perhaps natural, but, I think, premature. The results as regards *instruction* or knowledge acquired are small, and wanting in completeness; they even show a certain slovenliness of method. Any quantitative comparison is difficult to obtain, and may be very misleading, but estimated roughly, the results must equal about two-thirds of the work done here.

¹ English Literature, Mathematics, Mechanics, Animal Physiology, Latin, French, German, Physical Geography, Botany, Domestic Economy.

Considering the previous conditions and the difficulties to be met, perhaps more could not have been achieved in the time. But if the efforts of the Government are continued, and improved methods further adopted, in the course of time there is no doubt that, owing to the superior intelligence of the children, results might be achieved which would far surpass anything that could be hoped for in England. The methods there are inferior to ours, but the material is better.

A very serious obstacle in the way of improvement is the frequent change of Ministry; it is a great drawback, and seriously interferes with the continuity of educational progress in the country. If the children of the Florentine schools are behind those of our London Board Schools in acquired knowledge, the case is reversed when we come to educational results as distinguished from mere instruction.

If the primary object of education is the cultivation of the thinking powers, then the children there start at a great natural advantage over the children here. While the Florentine teacher has merely to give instruction, and very simple mental and moral training, to the child who is in a fit condition to profit by it, the London teacher has not only to give the training, but also in many cases to create or awaken the mind and the moral nature that is to be trained.

At bottom the difference is one of national character and climate. The Florentine children are more intelligent and brighter (not sharper) than the London children. The thinking faculty is there and at work from the earliest years. The persevering stolidity of the London child is accompanied often by a precocious knowledge of evil which is not the most promising material to put into the hands of a teacher. There the children are already little human beings, and there is a certain relation between their intellectual condition and the civilisation of the State they inhabit.

Here it is otherwise; many of our

poorest children are little savages whose mental and moral state is out of all proportion to, and completely anomalous in, the life of civilisation which locally surrounds them, but which actually intensifies their miserable state; and even our better class children have not the clear, bright intelligence which a better climate seems to produce. The difference is clearly and sadly illustrated by the place which the question of corporal punishment occupies in the two countries. Let me describe what I saw.

The natural curiosity and interest which I felt in first entering a classroom of Florentine children was met by a look on the faces of the scholars so clear and unmistakable as to draw from me the exclamation,

"How happy these children look!"

I turned to the teachers, and saw the same gentle, unruffled look reflected in their faces. One of them replied,

"They are very good children."

Suspecting that such general equanimity could only be purchased by laxity of discipline in some form or other, I asked,

"Do you ever punish them?"

Her face became ominously grave as she answered, "Oh yes! sometimes we must." I expected a birch rod at least.

"How do you punish them?"

"I give them a bad mark."

I looked incredulous.

"It is felt to be a great disgrace," she added.

"What do you do if a child tells a lie, or steals?"

"I separate it from its companions, or keep it in for a few minutes, or perhaps I write to the parents."

"Do you never beat them?"

"Oh never! the child would become perfectly unmanageable, and I should lose all my influence in the school, and discipline would be destroyed." The explanation which I received to this astounding statement was that it was the rule to make punishment *moral*, and that the disgrace of a bad mark had gained such a hold on the children

and their parents that it was found sufficient.

I objected that Italians are notoriously high-spirited and fiery.

The teacher replied, "Corporal punishment would develop all the bad qualities of a child, and it would become perfectly uncontrollable and wild. It is never done."

One teacher boxed a child's ears, and received instant dismissal from the municipality, on the grounds that by this act she had forfeited her influence over the *other* children, and her power of controlling the school.

The impression I received in this school was confirmed by every fresh visit I paid to boys' and girls' schools in Florence. It was impossible not to ponder over so significant a fact. Besides the difference in the national character of Florentine and London children, there are two things to be taken into consideration. In the first place, the teachers and children are not ceaselessly worried by ever-recurring, and, I was almost going to add, ever-useless examinations. They have the one general examination at the end of the school year, which embraces every subject, and upon the results of which depends the work of each scholar during the ensuing year. Once it is over, children and teachers may forget examinations, and with free and happy minds think something of education, and of training of mind and character.

Our children have besides, (1), the Government examination; (2), School Board examination; (3), needlework; (4), Scripture; (5), drawing; (6), physiology; (7), drill; and so on, *ad nauseam*.

Under these circumstances, education is hurriedly relegated to the top shelf of a dusty cupboard, because one examiner is following quickly upon the heels of another.

The natural friction of school-life is intensified, teachers are worried and children are impatient—in these conditions the temper of a school is not calm, and constant outbreaks must occur.

But there is another difference. In Florence, I believe in North Italy generally, the children are kindly treated by their fathers and mothers, and when they go to school they only understand kind treatment; the teacher's course is clear enough; in refractory cases he has his moral influence to fall back upon, and he finds this fully sufficient.

In England the lowest class of parents beat and cuff their children at a very early age. By the time a child is old enough to go to school, its moral sense is dead, and the teacher has at the same time to maintain discipline and to re-awaken the lost sense which may respond to his moral authority.

The task is difficult, but not so hard as at first sight appears, and it is certainly worth the sacrifice of time and patience. As regards the parents, the question, Where is reform to begin? is answered. We venture to think that it has begun in the only place possible. If the mothers and fathers are originally to blame, we must educate those who are one day to become mothers and fathers to a better state of things.

It is a gradual reform which can only be introduced in the schoolroom, and by the action of those whose responsibilities in this matter are undoubtedly grave.

Let it not be imagined that sudden or universal cessation of corporal punishment is advocated—any such action would be fatal.

The *ultimate end* to aim at is the abandonment of corporal punishment, but the means to it is not by a sudden change. This can only be brought about gradually; it has, happily, already commenced in some of our best schools. All honour to those teachers who can carry on this difficult task with success. It is, in fact, conceded by those who advocate very strenuously the necessity of corporal punishment, that in proportion as a teacher can educate his or her children and maintain discipline in his school

without it, so is he morally superior; the better the teacher, the less he will require to fall back upon corporal punishment.

Every teacher, male or female, who receives a certificate from Government, has to pass an examination in gymnastics. Government holds annually a preparatory course during three summer months, which is advertised as the "Scuole Magistrale di Gymnastica Fiorentina." So strenuously is this regulation carried out, that even the nuns who teach in the convent schools are obliged to come out of their seclusion to follow this course, and obtain a certificate after due examination. The Swedish exercises, which are now being used in the schools of the London School Board, have been introduced in a modified form; they are excellent, and very popular with the girls.

The code for needlework is exceedingly complicated, and almost useless for domestic purposes. So much is this the case that the Communal Schools might be properly called Industrial Schools for Teaching Needlework, where some general education is also given. In the junior classes, needlework occupies *nine and a half hours* per week, reading five hours, writing three hours and three-quarters, arithmetic three hours and three-quarters. In the senior classes, needlework occupies *ten hours* per week, reading five hours, writing three hours, arithmetic five hours. There are six classes: the children begin by knitting strips, plain socks, and crotchet lace; in class three they begin hemming towels and handkerchiefs, marking, and making simple garments. In the fourth and fifth classes they make elaborate garments of every kind; and finally in the sixth they do fine white embroidery. The cutting-out is all done by the teachers; the one-thread system reigns supreme. For the enlightenment of those persons who are not initiated into the mysteries of the one-thread system, it may be explained shortly as follows:—

If I am teaching a child to hem in the ordinary way I turn down or fold the material, judging of the straight-

ness and evenness of the folds by my eye. I commence to hem, judging of the regularity of the stitches again by my eye. I show the child how to make the stitch, and endeavour to train the child's eye to judge of her own work by making her glance over what she has done, and point out to me where are the irregularities and imperfections of her stitches. There is no rule of thumb here, but a gradual training of the hand, and of the eye to command the hand. If, on the other hand, I adopt the one-thread system, I turn down the fold, guided not by my eye, but by single threads of the material which I choose as my lines. These threads are more or less indistinct according to the quality and kind of material used, and always require a certain amount of painful tension and straining of the muscles of the eye to follow them. When I show the child how to do the stitch I have to abandon all idea of training hand or eye; she has instead her rule of thumb, which is to take up with her needle merely the single threads which have been the guide in making the folds. The stitch is formed by bringing together these two threads.

If it is fatiguing to the sight to fold on this system, much more fatal is it to hem—to stitch together for perhaps an hour at a time two single and almost invisible threads of some material. It is not easy to imagine an invention less calculated to benefit a single creature and more calculated to destroy the exquisitely delicate mechanism of the nerves and muscles of the eye.

When I asked what was the use of it, the invariable answer was "*Précision*." This "*Précision*" is a necessary training for the fine white embroidery.

In some of our London schools, where embroidery is not permitted, this system is pursued, but it is entirely discouraged by the London School Board.¹

¹ These remarks apply equally to the two-thread system, the principle of which is the same.

Besides the thirty-four stitches which the English code requires, and which is in itself the Complete Art of Plain Needlework, the Italian code gives sixty-six different articles to be made, and each child has to master altogether sixty-eight different stitches.

In company with one of the inspectresses, a very amiable and eloquent cicerone, I visited one of the Scuole Leopoldine. There are six or eight of these schools in Florence. They were established and endowed by King Leopold X. for the purpose of providing girls with industrial training in needlework and silk-weaving.

Many marvellous things in the way of needlework are to be seen here, but none more marvellous than a framed picture of some saint. The foundation was white muslin, and the design was produced by means of stitching in human hair instead of black silk! The poor woman assured me that this work was *très pénible*. In one room an inferior quality of silk was being woven on looms, in another girls were winding silk by machinery. Down stairs fifty little girls were learning how to make crotchet lace, squares, and mysterious ingenuities of many kinds. Up stairs about the same number of girls were

doing very fine white embroidery all on frames, such as the nuns make in France. So purely mechanical had this art become, that when, in the hope of finding one educational feature in the school I inquired whether the girls drew their own designs, the inspectress was much shocked, and replied that even she did not attempt it.

The embroidery was quite perfect of its kind, and quite useless. As the *raison d'être* of these five or six schools was to supply a means of livelihood to women, I was curious enough to know how far the end was achieved. A very fine and beautiful handkerchief was shown nearly finished. I asked, "How long has it taken you to do this?" "One year of constant work." "What will you get for it?" "Fifty lire." Less than two pounds for a year's work!

As a matter of fact, there is no general demand for highly-finished work in Italy, nor indeed in any country I have visited. It has become the luxury of the few rich ladies who will not wear any but the finest work, and who create a special but very limited demand for it.

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END OF VOLUME XLIV.

